THE LOST WORLD:
JURASSIC PARK

Screenplay

by

David Koepp

based on the novel

by

Michael Crichton

June 21, 1996

EXT. TROPICAL LAGOON - DAY

A 135-foot-luxury yacht is anchored just offshore in a tropical lagoon. The beach is a stunning crescent of white sand at the jungle fringe, utterly deserted.

ISLA SORNA
87 miles southeast of Nublar

Two SHIP HANDS, dressed in white uniforms, have set up a picnic table with three chairs on the sand and are carefully laying out luncheon service--fine china, silver, crystal decanters with red and white wine.

PAUL BOWMAN, fortyish, sits in a chair off to the side, reading. MRS. BOWMAN, painfully thin, with the perpetually surprised look of a woman who's had her eyes done more than once, supervises the settings of the table.

She looks up and sees a little girl, CATHY, seven or eight years old, wandering off down the beach.

MRS. BOWMAN
Cathy! Don't wander off!

Cathy keeps wandering.

MRS. BOWMAN (cont'd)
Cathy, come back! You can look for shells right here!

Cathy gestures, pretending she can't hear.

BOWMAN
(eyes still in his book)
Leave her alone.

MRS. BOWMAN
What about snakes?

BOWMAN
There's no snakes on a beach. Let her have fun, for once.

FURTHER DOWN THE BEACH,

Cathy keeps wandering away, MUTTERING to herself as her

parents' quarreling voices fade in the distance.

CATHY
Please be quiet, please be quiet
please be quiet...

Rounding a curve in the beach, her parents disappear from view behind her. A RUSTLING sound draws her attention, and she turns, toward where the thick jungle foliage gives way to the sand.

A large bush, maybe twelve feet tall, is moving, its branches swaying and shaking. Curious, Cathy walks up to the bush, which abruptly stops moving.

A small, lizard-like animal, dark green with brown stripes along its back, steps out from the bush. Only about a foot tall, it stands on its hind legs, balancing on its thick tail. It walks upright, bobbing its head like a chicken.

CATHY
Well, hello there!

The animal (a COMPSOGNATHUS) just stares at her. Cathy squats down on her haunches.

CATHY (cont'd)
What are you? A little bird or
something?

She opens her hand. She's got a handful of goldfish crackers.

CATHY (cont'd)
Are you hungry? You want a goldfish?

The compy bobs forward a few steps, cautiously.

CATHY (cont'd)
Come on. I won't hurt you.

The compy draws closer. Cathy holds the cracker in the palm of her hand. The compy gets closer still--

--and hops numbly up onto Cathy's palm. Her arm dips a bit under the weight, but it's not that heavy, and she holds it up easily. It bobs its head, scarfs up the goldfish, and eats it.

Enchanted, Cathy breaks into an enormous grin and returns her hand, calling back over her shoulder.

CATHY (cont'd)
Mom! Dad! You gotta come see this!
I found something!

She turns back.

Thirty more compys have come out onto the sand. They're standing there, bobbing anxiously, staring at her from a few feet away. Cathy's smile fades.

She turns her head slowly to the right. TWENTY MORE COMPYS have come in from that side, forming a semi-circle, bobbing and CHIPPING as they surround her.

CATHY (cont'd)
(terrified)
What do you guys want?

BACK ON THE BEACH,

the table is set. Mrs. Bowman calls out.

MRS. BOWMAN
Cathy, sweetheart! Lunch is ready!

From around the curve of the beach, a flock of birds bolts from the jungle trees as Cathy's shrill SCREAMS suddenly pierce the air.

MRS. BOWMAN
PAUL!

She takes off, running down the beach, Mr. Bowman leaps out of his chair and follows, and all available deck hands race off to help, kicking up geysers of sand behind them.

DOWN THE BEACH,

Mrs. Bowman stops dead in her tracks when she rounds the bend in the beach. We don't see what she sees, but we hear the frenzied SQUEAKING of the strange compys. Mr. Bowman and the Hands race past her to help Cathy as Mrs. Bowman lets loose a horrified, slack-jawed SCREAM, her mouth a perfect oval.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOARD ROOM - DAY

Mrs. Bowman's screaming face dissolves slowly over the YAWNING face of a bored CORPORATE EXECUTIVE, TWENTY OTHER EXECUTIVES sit around a conference table in the boardroom of a monied corporation. All are in expensive suits, most are over sixty. There are rows of BACKBENCHERS too, whispering in their lawyers who sit behind their clients, whispering in their ears. Empty coffee cups and fast food containers on the table hint that everyone's been here a long time.

A familiar VOICE resounds through the boardroom as we move down the long table, pat the grim faces of the board members.

VOICE (O.S.)
The hurricane seemed like a disaster at the time, but now I think it was a blessing, nature's way of freeing those animals from their human confines. Of giving them another chance to survive, but this time as they were meant to, without man's interference.

The source of the voice is JOHN HAMMOND, the founder of InGen and creator of Jurassic Park. But he's not in the room. His image is on a closed circuit TV screen, which has been wheeled up to the end of the table.

And he doesn't look good. He's terribly infirmed, propped up in bed, his face pale and drawn, medical equipment BEEPING around him.

HAMMOND (cont'd)
There are some corporate issues that are not about the bottom line. We have so much still to learn about those creatures. A whole world of intricate, interlocking behaviors, vanished everywhere--except for Site B. Please. Let's not do what is good for more men at the expense at what is best for all mankind.

The CHAIRMAN, seventyish, nods awkwardly to the television.

CHAIRMAN
Thank you, John. Mr. Ludlow?

He turns to PETER LUDLOW, late thirties, a man with the anxious look of someone who insists the buck stop on his desk. Ludlow flips open a file, pulls out a stack of black and white eight by tens, and tosses them on the table.

LUDLOW
(an accent similar to Hammond's)
These pictures were taken in a hospital in Costa Rica forty-eight hours ago, after an American family on a yacht cruise stumbled onto Site B. The little girl will be fine, but her parents are wealthy, angry, and very fond of lawsuits. But that's hardly new to us, is it?
(takes a paper from the file)
Wrongful death settlements, partial list: family of Donald Gennaro, 36.5 million dollars; family of Robert Muldoon, 12.6 million. Damaged or destroyed equipment, 17.3 million. Demolition, de-construction, and disposal of Isla Nublar facilities, organic and inorganic, one hundred and twenty-six million dollars. The list goes on, gentlemen--research funding, media payoffs. Silence is expensive.

He's warming up. Not a bad performer.

LUDLOW (cont'd)
This corporation has been bleeding from the throat for four years. You, our board of directors, have sat patiently and listened to ecology lectures while Mr. Hammond signed your checks and spent your money. You have watched your stock drop from
(MORE)

LUDLOW (cont'd)
seventy-eight and a quarter to nineteen flat with no good and in sight. And all along, we have held a significant product asset that we could have safely harvested and displayed for profit. Enormous profit.

He reaches out to a model on the table and gives it a shove, sending it sliding down the length of the table in front of them. It's a mini-mall version of a zoo. Cages hold tiny replicas of various kinds of dinosaurs while Boy Scout troops and Tourists look on in wonder.

LUDLOW (cont'd)
Enough money to wipe out four years of lawsuits and damage control and unpleasant infighting, enough to not only send our stock back to where it was but to double it. And the one thing, the only thing standing between us and this asset is a born-again naturalist who happens to be our own CEO. Well, I don't work for Mother Nature. I work for you.

Two of his Backbenchers distribute documents from a stack. Ludlow takes one and reads from it.

LUDLOW (cont'd)
"Whereas the Chief Executive Officer has engaged in wasteful and negligent business practices to further his own personal environmental beliefs--
Whereas these practices have affected the financial performance of the company by incurring significant losses--
Whereas the shareholders have been materially harmed by these losses--
Thereby, be it resolved that John Parker Hammond should be resolved from the office of Chief Executive Officer, affective immediately." Mr.
(MORE)

LUDLOW (cont'd)
Chairman, I move the resolution be put to an immediate vote. Do I have a second?

BOARD MEMBER
I second the motion, Mr. Chairman, Please poll the members by a show of hands.

The CHAIRMAN signs heavily, feeling like a traitor. He can't bear to look at Hammond on the TV monitor.

CHAIRMAN
All those in favor of InGen Corporate Resolution 213C, please signify your approval by raising your right hand.

It starts slowly, guiltily, but every hand in the room goes up. Ludlow sits back, victorious. Hammond, furious, raises his right hand, which holds a remote control, and points it at the TV screen. It goes blank.

CUT TO:

EXT. WELDER'S YARD - NIGHT

Sparks fly out the windows and doors of a shed in the middle of a welder's yard. Scrap iron and steel lies everywhere. Somewhere inside the shed, a phone RINGS.

The WHOOSH of the arc welder shuts off. DIETER STARK, a big barrel-chested man of forty or so, his face streaked with soot and grime, steps outside with a cordless phone, a cigarette dangling from his lips.

DIETER
Yeah.

He takes a deep drag while someone talks on the other end. He smiles and blows out a cloud of smoke.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK SUBWAY - NIGHT

Smoke turns into steam as a subway THUNDER into a station underneath Manhattan. The door WHOOSH open, spit out some

COMMUTERS and suck up a few more.

A tall man hurries down the platform, limping heavily, moving as fast as he can. The subway doors begin to close, but just before they meet--

--the man jams a cane in between, stopping them. The man is IAN MALCOLM, fortyish, dressed in black from head to toe. There's a hard wisdom in Malcolm's eyes that may not have been there's a few years ago--he know what you think, and he doesn't care.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

MALCOLM finds a seat on the crowded subway car and sits down. He looks awful. Tired. Weathered. He notices a CURIOUS MAN across from his is staring at his. Malcolm looks away. The Curious Man still stares. Nervy, the Curious Man gets up and approaches.

MALCOLM
(under his breath)
Shit.

The Curious Man sits down next to Malcolm, grinning.

MAN
You're him, aren't you?

MALCOLM
Excuse me?

MAN
The guy. The scientist. I saw you on TV.
(conspiratorially)
I believed you.

No response from Malcolm. The guy leans in even closer.

MAN (cont'd)
Roooooarr.

MALCOLM
(a withering look)
I was misquoted. I was merely
(MORE)

MALCOLM (cont'd)
speculating on the evolutionary scenario of a Lost World. I never said I was in any such place.

He gets up and moves to another seat on the car, away from the Curious Man. As he sits down, he notices two other COMMUTERS across from him are staring at him.

He looks at them. They looks away.

He pulls the collar of his coat up tight around him. Nowhere to hide.

INT. JOHN HAMMOND'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A UNIFORMED BUTLER has a question:

BUTLER
Whom shall I tell Mr. Hammond is calling?

MALCOLM stands in the foyer of an expensively decorated Park Avenue apartment.

MALCOLM
Ian Malcolm

A door opens and a little dog comes YAPPING out of the back. It bounds straight at Malcolm, GROWLING, jaws SNAPPING. It lunges--

--and Malcolm BATS it away with one swift swing of his cane. The dog rolls across the floor and slinks away, WHINING. The Butler looks at Malcolm disapprovingly.

BUTLER
Not an animal lover?

MALCOLM
Not really.

INT. HAMMOND'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

MALCOLM enters a darkened bedroom. JOHN HAMMOND lies in the bed we saw earlier, on the other side of the room;

Medical equipment has been disguised as well as possible among the furniture and flowers, but the sheer abundance of it tells us that whatever has stricken him is going to win this battle.

HAMMOND
Ian! Don't linger in the doorway like an ingenue, come in, come in!

Malcolm steps further into the room.

HAMMOND (cont'd)
It's good to see you. It really is. How's the leg?

MALCOLM
Resentful.

HAMMOND
When you have a lot of time to think, it's funny who you remember. It's the people who challenged you. It is the quality of our opponents that gives our accomplishments meaning. I never told you how sorry I was about what happened after we returned.

Noticing Hammond's deteriorated condition, Malcolm finds it hard to sustain anger.

MALCOLM
I didn't know you--weren't well.

HAMMOND
It's the lawyers. The lawyers are finally killing me.

MALCOLM
They do have motives. Why did you want to see me? Your message said it was urgent.

HAMMOND
You were right--and I was wrong. There! Did you ever think you'd hear me say that? Spectacularly wrong. Instead of observing those animals, I
(MORE)

HAMMOND (cont'd)
tried to control them. I squandered an opportunity and we still know next to nothing about their lives. Not their lives as man would have them, behind electric fences, but in the wild. Behavior in their natural habitat, the impossible dream of any paleontologist. I could have had it, but I let it slip away.
(pause)
Thank God for Site B.

Malcolm just looks at him for a long moment.

MALCOLM
What?

HAMMOND
(a spark in his eye)
Well? Didn't it all seem a trifle compact to you?

MALCOLM
What are you talking about?

HAMMOND
The hatchery, in particular? You know my initial yields had to be low, far less than one percent, that's a thousand embryos for every single live birth. Genetic engineering on that scale implies a giant operation, not the spotless little laboratory I showed you.

MALCOLM
I don't believe you.

HAMMOND
Isla Nublar was just a showroom, Ian, something for the tourists, Site B was the factory floor. We built it first, on Isla Sorna, eight-some miles from Nublar.

MALCOLM
No, no, no, no, no, no...

HAMMOND
After the accident at the park, a hurricane wiped out our facility on Site B. We had to evacuate and leave the animals to fend for themselves. And they did. For four years I've fought to keep them safe from human meddling, now I want you to go there and document them.

MALCOLM
Are you out of your mind? I still have nightmares, my reputation's a joke, my leg is shot--you think I need more of that?

HAMMOND
It would be the most extraordinary living fossil record the world has ever seen.

MALCOLM
So what?

Hammond picks up a thick file folder from the night table near to him and open it on his lap. Inside, there are memos, charts, maps and photographs.

HAMMOND
I've been putting this together for over a year. I have personal suggestions for your entire team, phone numbers, contact people. They won't believe you about what they're going to see, so don't bother trying to convince them. Just use my checkbook to get them there. I'll fund your expedition through my personal accounts, as such money and equipment as you need, but only if you leave immediately. If we hesitate, all will be lost.

MALCOLM
John...

HAMMOND
You'll need an animal behaviorist, someone with unimpeachable credentials. I believe you already know Sarah Harding. She's got theories about parenting and nurturing among hunter/scavengers I bet she'd be dying to prove on a scale like this. If you convince her to go, it'll be a major coup. When she publishes, the scientific community must take it seriously.

Malcolm just shakes his head, flipping through the file sadly.

HAMMOND
Your documentation, you should use forensic photographic methods, Hasselbladt still cameras, high definition video. When the trick photography analysts take your evidence apart, make it impossible for them to say there was enhancement or computer graphic imaging. Oh, this is very important--avoid the island interior at all costs. Stick to the outer rim. Everything you need to know can be found there. Vindication lies on the outer rim.

Malcolm gently closes the file and pushes it back to Hammond.

MALCOLM
I'm not going, John.

HAMMOND
(fatigue returning)
Ian, you are my last chance to give something of real value to the world. I can't walk so far and leave no footprints; die and leave nothing with my name on it. I will not be known only for my failures. And you will not allow yourself to go down in history as a lunatic. You're too

(MORE)

HAMMOND (cont'd)
smart. You're too proud. Dr. Malcolm. Please. This is a chance at redemption. For both of us. There's no time to equivocate, we must seize it now, before--

He stops, staring over Malcom's shoulder. Malcom turns. PETER LUDLOW, still in his overcoat, is standing in the doorway to the bedroom. He looks back and forth from Hammond to Malcolm suspiciously.

LUDLOW
Hello, Uncle John. Dr. Malcolm.

Malcolm doesn't answer. He seems to know Ludlow, and dislikes him.

LUDLOW (cont'd)
Did I interrupt something?

Malcolm turns back to Hammond.

MALCOLM
Find someone else.

CUT TO:

INT. HAMMOND'S APARTMENT/FOYER - NIGHT

In the foyer, LUDLOW hands MALCOLM his coat, just a trifle rudely, and shepherds him to the door.

LUDLOW
So, you two were just, uh, telling old campfire stories, were you?

MALCOLM
Do me a favor. Don't pretend for a second that you and I don't know the truth. You can convince Time magazine and the Skeptical Inquirer of whatever you want, but I was there.

LUDLOW
You signed a non-disclosure agreement before you went to the island that expressly forbade you from discussing anything you saw. You violated that agreement.

MALCOLM
You cost me my livelihood. That on which I relied to support my children.

LUDLOW
If your university felt you were causing it embarrassment by selling wild stories to Hard Copy, I hardly see how I am to--

MALCOLM
I didn't tell anything, I told the truth.

LUDLOW
Your version of it.

MALCOLM
There are no versions of the truth! This isn't a corporate maneuver, it's my life.

LUDLOW
We made a generous compensatory offer for your injuries.

MALCOLM
It was a payoff and an insult. InGen never--

LUDLOW
InGen is my livelihood, Dr. Malcolm, and I will jealously defend its interests. People will know what I want them to know when I want them to know it.

Ludlow tosses something to Malcolm, hard. It sails across the foyer, upright, and Malcolm reaches out and catches it with

one hand. It's his cane.

LUDLOW (cont'd)
Don't forget that.

Malcolm stares at him for a long moment. Finally, he turns and walks away.

But he does not go out of the apartment. Instead, he walks directly past Ludlow, crosses the living room, and steps back into Hammond's bedroom, closing the door behind him with a determined CLICK.

INT. HAMMOND'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

HAMMOND looks up, hopeful, as MALCOLM comes back into the room and walks over to his bed. He reaches down--

--and picks up the file folder.

MALCOLM
Do you have a satellite phone?

CUT TO:

INT. MOMBASSA BAR - DAY

ROLAND TEMBO, late sixties, skin like leather and the diamond hard look of a cobra, sits at a table in the middle of an African cafe/bar in Mombassa.

It's daytime and the place is half full, mostly with locals, but there are a few obnoxious TOURISTS too, Americans on safari who somehow found the local handout.

They're a noisy bunch, but Roland tunes them out, calmly eating his lunch and drinking a beer while he reads a book, eyeglasses hanging low on his nose.

Roland suddenly stops reading and furrows his brow. He looks up. He SNIFFS the air once, then smiles and calls out a person's name.

ROLAND
Ajay?

He turns around. AJAY (AH-jay) SIDHU, a wiry East Indian in

his late forties, is standing behind him, caught trying to sneak up.

AJAY
(delighted)
How did you know?

ROLAND
(taps his nose)
That cheap aftershave I send you every Christmas, you actually wear it. I'm touched. Sit down, sit down, what brings you to Mombassa?

AJAY
You. Tell me, Roland, when was the last time you answered your phone?

ROLAND
Last time I plugged it in, I suppose. Why?

Behind them, the group of TOURISTS, all men, laughs loudly. One of them, the MOST OBNOXIOUS TOURISTS, berates the WAITRESS.

AJAY
I got a call from a gentleman who's going to Costa Rica, or thereabouts. If he's to be believed, it's a most, uh, unique expedition. And very well-funded.

ROLAND
Well, I'm a very well-funded old son of a bitch. You go.

The Most Obnoxious Tourist bellows for the Waitress. His buddies LAUGH. Roland throws a glance, annoyed.

AJAY
But alone? We always had great success together, you and I.

ROLAND
Just a little bit too much, I think.

AJAY
How do you mean?

ROLAND
A true hunter doesn't mind if the animal wins. If it escapes. But there weren't enough escapes from you and me, Ajay. I've decided to spend a bit less time in the company of death. Maybe I just feel too close to it my--

The Waitress comes to the Tourists' table and the Most Obnoxious Tourist actually paws her ass. Roland is out of his chair in a second.

ROLAND (cont'd)
(to Ajay)
Excuse me.

Roland walks over to the Tourists' table, says something to the Waitress in the local dialect, and she walks away, behind him. He stares down at the Most Obnoxious Tourist.

ROLAND (cont'd)
You, sir--are no gentleman.

TOURIST
Is that supposed to be an insult?

ROLAND
I can think of none greater.

The Tourist looks at his Buddies and laughs.

TOURIST
Buzz off, you silly old bastard.

ROLAND
What do I have to do to pick a fight with you, bring your mother into it?

TOURIST
Are you kidding? I could take you with one arm tied down.

ROLAND
Really?

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FLOOR,

the Waiter finishes tying a man's wrist to his belt in the back of his pants with a napkin. He pulls the knot tight and the man turns around.

It's Roland, with his arm tied down. The Tourist stands across from him.

TOURIST
I mean my arm.

POW! Roland punches him square in the jaw. The Tourist reels, stunned. Enraged, he lunges at Roland, swinging with both arms.

Roland bobs, neatly ducking the punches, waits for the Tourist to turn around, and POPS him thrice in the face. The Tourist spins and goes down to the floor, face first. A cloud of sawdust and a loud CHEER from the locals rise up in the bar.

BACK AT HIS TABLE,

Roland drops the napkin on the table and sits back down with Ajay. In the background, the Tourist's Buddies hurriedly carry their fallen cohort out of the bar.

ROLAND
Sorry. We were saying?

AJAY
You broke that idiot's jaw for no reason other than your boredom. Tell the truth, Roland. Aren't you even interested in knowing this expedition's quarry?

ROLAND
Ajay. Go on up to my ranch, take a look around the trophy room, and tell me what kind of quarry you think could possibly be of any interest to me.

Ajay just smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. AFRICAN SAVANNAH - NIGHT

The African savannah appears in shades of fluorescent green, seen through night-vision goggles. An ANIMAL YELP comes from the left and the green vista sweeps abruptly toward it. The world blurs momentarily, then comes into focus on a field of long grass.

The grass ripples in a complex pattern as animals move stealthily through it. One animal head pops up above the grass for a split-second, teeth bared, a white stripe between its eyes. SARAH HARDING pulls the goggles away from her face.

SARAH
Hyenas. Ace Face is the striped snout.

Sarah is thirty, with a compact, athletic body built for the outdoors. She looks through the goggles again, sweeping ahead of the hyenas to their prey.

It's a herd of African buffalo, standing belly-deep in the grass, agitated, bellowing and stamping their feet.

Sarah turns to MAKENA, her African assistant.

SARAH (cont'd)
They'll try to take down a calf. Come on.

MAKENA
Closer?

Sarah scurries up and over a rock face. Makena follows. Closer now, they watch as the hyenas rush the herd, running through it, trying to break it up.

MAKENA (cont'd)
You know, we could see everything from up on the edge of that cliff.

SARAH
No way.

MAKENA
But the view would--

SARAH
No cliffs.
(into a pocket recorder)
F1 headed south, F2 and F5 flanking, twenty yards. F3 center. F6 circling wide east. Can't see F7.

While she talks, breathless, fascinated by the drama before her, Sarah continues to creep closer and closer to the action. Makena follows, with growing unease.

MAKENA
Sarah.

SARAH
F8 circling north. F1 straight through, disrupting. Herd moving, stamping. There's F7. Straight through. F8 angling through from the north.

She's practically on top of the animals now.

MAKENA
Dr. Harding.

Makena has a hold of Sarah's sweatshirt and is tugging her back, at least trying to slow down her progress as Sarah, wide-eyed with fascination, creeps even closer.

Suddenly there is a tremendous BELLOWING and the grass right in front of them rips apart, trampled under the feet of the hyenas as they cluster around a fallen buffalo calf. They yelp and jump, their muzzles bloody.

The adults move aside, making room as the hyena pups come forward, squealing to get at the kill. Sarah's eyes shine with excitement and she moves even closer, whispering into the tape recorder.

SARAH
Brooding behavior in evidence at the
(MORE)

SARAH (cont'd)
kill site, pups are ushered forward and adults help them eat, pulling flesh away from the carcass and--

A telephone rings.

Sarah stops in mid-sentence, unsure if she heard what she thought she heard. It rings again, the unmistakable CHIRPING of a cellular phone. Sarah and Makena both move at once, pawing at a backpack.

SARAH (cont'd)
(a frantic whisper)
I thought you turned it off!

Two hyenas look inquisitively in the direction of the phone. Sarah comes up with it and jabs at a button in irritation.

SARAH (cont'd)
Yes?!

Someone speaks on the other end. Sarah rolls her eyes.

SARAH (cont'd)
Ian. This better be important.

Sarah doesn't say anything for a long moment, just listens as the voice on the other end talks. And talks.

SARAH (cont'd)
When?

CUT TO:

INT. MOBILE FIELD SYSTEMS - DAY

Ian Malcolm's leg, badly scarred, is bared and draped over the end of a bench. Two sandbags are fastened to his ankle and MALCOLM is lifting them, painfully rehabbing his injury while talking on a satellite phone.

MALCOLM
We leave in twenty-four hours. Five member team.

Behind them, the SPARKS of a acetylene torch fly as WORKMEN

make modifications on several vehicles, including a dark-green Mercedes Benz AAV (all-activity vehicle). The hood of the AAV is up and the V-6 engine has been pulled out; a new, smaller engine is lowered in its place. To one side are two long trailers, connected by an accordion-like passageway, like on a subway car, allowing one to be towed behind the other.

MALCOLM
Eddie Carr's handling all our equipment and he'll be there to maintain it. He's designing special field trailers now, top of the line mobile research units.

EDDIE CARR, fortyish, is barking out orders to the Workmen.

EDDIE
No, no, look at the plans, Henry, you can't place that strut laterally, it has to be crosswise, LOOK AT THE PLANS!

From the ceiling, a large metal age CRASHES down, landing next to them on the floor with a deafening CLANG. They leap back and look up. A WORKMAN waves from a scaffolding.

WORKMAN
Sorry, Eddie! Specs say it can't deform at 12,000 PSI, we had to test it

Eddie bends down to inspect the cage, which is rectangular, constructed of inch-thick titanium-alloy bars. Malcolm hangs up the phone and walks up, joining him.

MALCOLM
Any damage?

EDDIE
Minimal.

MALCOLM
"Minimal" is too much. It has to be light, it has to be strong--

EDDIE
Light and strong, light and strong, sure, why not, it's only impossible. God save me from academics.

MALCOLM
You are an academic.

EDDIE
Former academic. Now I actually make things. I don't just talk.

MALCOLM
You think I'm all talk, Eddie?

EDDIE
(doesn't look at him)
It doesn't matter what I think.

MALCOLM
Is there anything we've forgotten? Anything at all?

Behind them, someone CLEARS THEIR THROAT. Eddie and Malcolm turn around. KELLY MALCOLM, an African-American girl around twelve years old, stands in the doorway to the garage, a duffel bag slung over one shoulder. She looks at Malcolm and breaks into a wide grin.

KELLY
Hi, Dad.

MALCOLM
Kelly! What are you doing here?

She drops the bag on the floor, and wraps her arms around him in a warm embrace. He responds stiffly.

KELLY
Vacation. I'm all yours. You didn't forget, did you?

She pulls back and looks at him.

KELLY (cont'd)
Did you?

CUT TO:

INT. EDDIE'S OFFICE - DAY

KELLY is slumped in a chair in Eddie's office next to the construction floor. Outside the glass windows work on the vehicles continues unabated. MALCOLM hangs up the phone.

MALCOLM
Okay, Karen is expecting you in half an hour. You only have to stay with her one night, she'll put you on a bus in the morning and your mother will be at the station when you get there.

KELLY
I don't even know this woman.

MALCOLM
Well, I do, and she's fantastic. She'll take you to the museum, maybe to a movie if you play your cards right. You're going to have a fantastic time.

KELLY
Stop saying fantastic. Where are you going?

MALCOLM
I can't tell you. But I'll be back within a week.

KELLY
My vacation is over in a week.

MALCOLM
I'll make it up to you this summer. I promise.

KELLY
I'm your daughter all the time, you know. Not just when it's convenient.

MALCOLM
Very hurtful. Your mother tell you to say that?

KELLY
No, Dad. I have thoughts of my own once in a while.

From the construction floor, EDDIE calls out.

EDDIE (o.s.)
Dr. Malcolm!

Malcolm looks at her, trying to make peace. Quickly.

MALCOLM
Is that kid still bothering you?

KELLY
Which one?

MALCOLM
You know, at the bus stop. With the hair?

KELLY
That was about a year ago.

MALCOLM
Well, is he?

KELLY
No. Richard talked to his parents.

MALCOLM
That Richard.

EDDIE (o.s.)
Ian, come here a minute!

KELLY
(to Malcolm)
I could come with you.

MALCOLM
Out of the question. You'd miss the
(MORE)

MALCOLM (cont'd)
gymnastics trials. You've been training for that for a year.

KELLY
I don't care about the trials, I want to be with you. I could be your research assistant, like I was in Austin.

MALCOLM
This is nothing like Austin. Forget about it.

KELLY
You like to have kids, you just don't want to be with them, do you?

He looks at her, hurt. Eddie calls out a third time, impatient now. Grateful for the escape, Malcolm gets up and heads for the door. He pauses guiltily.

MALCOLM
I'm not like you want me to be. I've what I can be.

He leaves.

INT. MAIN FLOOR - DAY

While MALCOLM and EDDIE argue over something in the background, KELLY circles around the trailers and looks up at the windows. They're all made of tempered glass, fine wire mesh inside it. She looks around, to see if anybody's watching. They're not, so she quickly slips inside the front trailer.

INT. TRAILER - DAY

Inside, the trailer is a miracle of planning and design. It's divided into sections, for different laboratory functions. The main area is a biological lab, with specimen trays, dissecting pans, and microscopes that connect to video monitors.

Next to it there's an extensive computer section, a bank of processors, and a communications section. All the lab

equipment is miniaturized and built into small tables that slides into the walls. Everything is bolted down.

She notices a large map on the wall. Off the coat of Costa Rica, there is an area that has been circled in heavy black ink.

Kelly puts a finger on the map, crossing westward, through the Pacific Ocean. Thegre are dozen s of islands out here, but in the highlighted region, there is a semi-circle of five. Matanceros. Muerte. Tacano. Pena. And Sorna. Underneath the whole island chain, there is a bold legend.

"The Five Deaths," it says.

Slowly, an ocean barge starts to chug its way across the face of the map, leaving a wake that rolls the printed letters of those three ominous words.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OPEN SEA - DAY

The map dissolves slowly away as the barge SPALASEHS through five foot ocean swells in the open sea. The barge is crammed with equipment, the AAV, trailers, a jeep, and the members of Malcolm's team.

ON THE BOAT,

MALCOLM stands in the bow, riding the choppy seas. Next to him, DR. JUTTSON, fortyish, holds onto the railing, seasick. He SHOUTS over the DRONE of the boat's engines.

JUTTISON
(as the waves pound the boat)
Couldn't--we just--airlift--into the--island?

MALCOLM
Dr. Harding insisted we go by sea! Helicopters are too disruptive. These aren't piles of bones you'll be studying this time, Dr. Juttson, they live, they breathe, and they react!

Juttson looks at him skeptically--

--and throws up.

AT THE BACK OF THE BOAT,

NICK VAN OWEN, a good-looking American in his late twenties, is sitting amid a pile of video cameras and other photographic equipment, playing with a Game Bow. SARAH HARDING, dressed in field gear, sits down next to him.

SARAH
So what's your story, Nick?

NICK
I was a cameraman for Nightline for six years, been freelance since '91. Do a lot of work for Greenpeace.

SARAH
That must be interesting. What drew you there?

NICK
Women. 'Bout eighty percent female in Greenpeace.

SARAH
Very noble of you.
(of the noisy Game Boy)
You don't think you're bringing that thing onto the island, do you?

Nick grins and shuts it off.

NICK
Hey, I wouldn't want to spook the woolly mammoths.

SARAH
You think this is all a joke?

NICK
Oh, please. How am I supposed to keep a straight face when--
(MORE)

NICK (cont'd)
(gestures to the black-clad Malcolm)
--Johnny Cash here tells me I'm going to Skull Island?

SARAH
(not amused)
Ian's a very good friend of mine.

NICK
He doesn't need a friend, he needs a shrink.

SARAH
I believe in him.

But her face says even she has her doubts.

NICK
Come on, there's only one reason any of us are here. His check cleared.

She looks at him.

SARAH
Drop the cynical pose. You can't pull it off while playing Donkey Kong.

The boat's CAPTAIN, a Costa Rican, points ahead and SHOUTS to them.

CAPTAIN
There it is!

They all turn and look out over the bow. Up ahead, shear, reddish-gray cliffs of volcanic rock rise dramatically out of the fog-heavy ocean.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)
Isla Sorna!

The boat ROARS ahead, plowing into a heavy wreath of fog. The mist swirls and encircles it.

EXT. ISLAND FIORD - DAY

A narrow inlet cuts through the steep cliffs, leading to the island interior. The barge bursts through the fog at the mouth of the fiord and heads deeper into the island.

EXT. LAGOON - DAY

Lush green plants drip everywhere in this verdant lagoon. Sulfurous yellow steam issues from the ground, bleaching the nearby foliage white. In the distance one can hear the cries of JUNGLE BIRDS.

The boat is now beached and the CREW flips the tarps off the AAV, the jeep, and the trailers. The trucks back down a narrow ramp and onto the soft clay shore at the edge of the lagoon. There is a large three-toed animal imprint in the clay at the water's edge, and the AAV backs right over it, swapping its track for the animal's.

MALCOLM is at the edge of the water with the CAPTAIN.

MALCOLM
Be back in three days, but keep the satellite phone on and your radio tuned to the frequency I specified in case we need you sooner.

CAPTAIN
Don't worry. I've lived around here all my life, these islands are completely--

In the distance, they hear the faint, strange ROAR of a very large animal. The Captain looks at Malcolm, eyes wide.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)
--safe.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRASSY PLAIN - DAY

The jeep tows the double trailer to the edge of a grassy plain just beyond the lagoon, overlooking the interior of the island. The noon sun is high overhead; below, the valley shimmers in midday heat.

EDDIE connects a flexible cable to the jeep's power winch and flicks it on. The cable turns slowly in the sunlight. Moving along the length of it, we see the cable leads to a pile of aluminum, some kind of strut assembly painted a camouflage color.

As the winch pulls the cable tight, the jumble of thin struts begins to move, slowly rising into the air. The emerging structure climbs, spidery, struts unfolding, fifteen feet into the air. The light house at the top (the cage that was tested back at Eddie's workshop) is now just beneath the lowest branches of the nearby trees, which almost conceal it from view.

NICK lights a cigarette and carelessly tosses the match on the ground. Malcolm notices.

MALCOLM
Listen. I know you all have probably concluded that I'm out of my mind.

Is it our imagination, or did the trees behind Malcolm just sway slightly?

MALCOLM (cont'd)
That's all right, for now. But just humor me and be careful.

No, it's not our imagination, there they go again. Whole trees shivering and swaying from left to right and back again.

MALCOLM (cont'd)
Even if you think I'm harmless and deluded, I promise--

Now the trees CREAKS and GROAN as they sway. Everyone has seen it, and now Malcolm turns around too.

MALCOLM (cont'd)
--this place is for real.

CUT TO:

INT. DOUBLE TRAILERS - DAY

It's quiet inside the trailers that serve as their command post/living quarters. The books are lined up neatly on the shelves. The computers sit, booted up and awaiting data input.

All the way in the back, past the spare tires and life preservers and canned food and bottled water, up in one storage bin all the way on top, there's a RUSTLING SOUND.

A plastic student ID card pops out in the cracks under the bin's door. A photograph in the lower right hand corner of the card is visible--it's Kelly, Malcolm's twelve-year-old daughter.

The card wriggles against the lock and, with a soft CLICK, the door pops open. KELLY herself tumbles out, wrapped in several blankets and carrying a mason jar half full of a yellowish liquid. We can guess.

She leaps to her feet, blinks the light out of her eyes, and bolts to the back of the trailer as fast as she possibly can. She races through a narrow door and SLAMS it shut.

A sign on the door says "RESTROOM." Inside, a SIGH of relief is heard.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE TRAIL - DAY

Along a stream bed, the jungle trees still shiver. NICK loads a three quarter inch tape into his heavy video camera and chews anxiously on a piece of gum. SARAH and DR. JUTTSON are beside him as the group nervously follows the GROANING forest trees to their right.

At the rear, EDDIE and MALCOLM walk side by side. Eddie is carrying a heavy silver rifle, an aluminum canister hanging beneath the barrel. He shows it to Malcolm, his voice low and urgent.

EDDIE
Lindstradt air rifle. Fires a subsonic Fluger impact-delivery dart.

He cracks open the cartridge bank, revealing a row of plastic containers filled with straw-colored liquid. Each is tipped with a three inch needle and carries a bright yellow warning tag--"EXTREME DANGER! LETHAL TOXICITY!"

EDDIE (cont'd)
I loaded the enhanced venom of Conus purpurascens, the South Sea cone shell. Most powerful neurotoxin in the world. Acts within a two-thousandth of a second. Faster than the nerve-conduction velocity. The animal's down before it feels the prick of the dart.

From their right, the shaking trees seen closer now. By walking down the stream bed, the humans are tracking right along with the animals as they move in the foliage.

MALCOLM
(to Eddie)
Is there an antidote?

EDDIE
Like if you shoot yourself in the foot? Wouldn't matter. You'd be dead before you realized you'd accidentally pulled the trigger.

Ahead of them, thick foliage blocks the path of the dried up stream bed to the height of about fifteen feet. But around them, the CRASHING sounds get louder and closer, the swaying trees shiver right beside them. Eddie raises the rifle in defense as the trees right at the edge of the stream bed sway and part. Above the foliage, they see the sudden movement--

--of a row of STEGOSAUR fins. The spade-shaped fins run along a ridge down the middle of the animal's back, about three feet tall each. The group freezes, amazed, and as the stegosaur continues on, they get a good look at it through a break in the foliage.

It's a large dinosaur with a small head, a thick neck, and a huge lumbering body.

A double row of plates runs along the crest of its back, and

it has a dragging trail with long spikes in it.

The gum drops out of Nick's mouth, FLOPS onto his shirt, and sticks there.

NICK
Oh--

JUTTSON
--my--

EDDIE
--God!

SARAH
It's beautiful!

A second stegosaur, a baby about a quarter the size of the first animal, breaks through the foliage, following the adult.

While the group is reaching to that, the earth vibrates and a third stego, by far the biggest of the three, walks out of the foliage right behind them, crossing within ten feet.

Apparently unconcerned about these little creatures in their environment, the stegos continue on across the stream bed.

Sarah raises a still camera and shoots pictures. Her shutter is muted, so that a muffled CLICK is all that's audible.

Juttson raises a pocket recorder to his lips and whispers into it breathlessly.

JUTTSON
Stegosaurus, family Stegosauridae, infraorder Stegosauria, suborder Thyreophora. Length, adult male, estimate twenty-five to thirty feet.

His breathy words turn into almost helpless laughter, of all things, as he can't contain his astonishment. Eddie covers his mouth, trying to keep him quiet.

SARAH
(to Juttson)
That was a pair bond! A family
(MORE)

SARAH (cont'd)
group, even, long after that infant was nestbound!

JUTTSON
I want to see the nesting ground!

Nick turns to Malcolm, eyes like saucers, and makes a futile, wordless, boy-was-I-wrong-on-this-one gesture. Malcolm smiles, leans over, and TAPS softly on Nick's video camera. Nick raises it to his shoulder and flicks it on as the group continues on into the bush after the animals.

IN THE BUSH,

the baby wanders away from the group and ambles over near where Sarah crouches in the bushes. Sarah raises her camera again and silently SNAPS a picture. She WHISPERS to Juttson, who is beside her.

SARAH
Lone nest--not colonial. I don't see an egg clutch...

She gestures and Juttson peers through a pair of field glasses.

JUTTSON
(whispering back)
The empty shells are crushed and trampled. The young stay in the birth environment, that's conclusive!

SARAH
Not without a shot of the nest.

She sees an opportunity. As the baby heads back to its parents, Sarah scoots right along with it, moving behind it, using its body as a shield to block her from the view of the other two.

Nick and Eddie's faces whiten in alarm. Nick reaches out to stop her, but he barely gets hold of the sole of her boot before she pulls away from him and duckwalks out into the clearing.

IN THE CLEARING,

Sarah slinks along behind the baby stego as it walks back, toward the nest, chewing the branches it carries in its south. She raises up slightly, squeezing off pictures of the herd, ever better as she gets closer.

BACK AT THE HILL,

the others can only watch her, aghast.

NICK
She's gutty.

MALCOLM
She's nuts.

IN THE CLEARING,

Sarah keeps moving closer. The baby passes a small grouping of rocks and Sarah ducks behind them. She's now in a perfect position to photograph the nest, and she squeezes off picture after picture from this ideal vantage point.

She shoots the last picture on the roll--

--and the camera's autowinder WHIRS to life. Sarah looks down in horror as the camera's motor WHINES loudly in her hands.

The noise startles the animals. The male turns toward her the plates on its back bristling. Sarah gets to her feet and starts to move away, slowly.

The male turns away from her and swings its tail, spikes extended. It WHIZZES through the air, right at her, but Sarah leaps back at the last second--

--and the tail's spikes THUD into the dirt where she was.

Sarah CRUNCHES to the ground and the three stegosaurs dart away, disappearing into the bush, moving surprisingly quickly for animals their size.

The others run to Sarah, help her to her feet, and pull her back, against a massive tree trunk. But the tree trunk lifts right up off the ground.

It's no tree, it's a DINOSAUR'S LEG, a massive one, six feet across, God knows how many feet high. The Group gasps and looks up as a MAKENCHIASAURUS, an enormous saurupod over a hundred feet from nose to tail, lumbers away from them.

The Group stares in wonder as the mamenchiasaur stops and HONKS furtively, its long neck stretched out above them.

Now a second mamenchiasaur neck cranes out of the surrounding forest trees and wraps around the first. The first mamenchiasaur THUNDERS around in a semi-circle, getting into position behind the second.

Nick swings his video camera straight up and the group suddenly finds itself in the middle of a mamenchiasaur mating.

The mighty tails swing and SNAP around them as the two animals come together, and trees start snapping and falling, CRASHING to the jungle floor.

The group panics and bolts for cover toward the only place where the trees are not falling--which is directly underneath the animals!

Amid HONKS and BLEATS, the swinging tails continue to deforest the jungle around them.

The noise and chaos is deafening, drowning out the LAUGHTER and SCREAMS of the fascinated and terrified group.

There is a momentary lull and the group dashes out from underneath the animals, disappearing into the thick forest.

A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY,

the Group collapses to the ground, breathless, chests heaving with wild, frightened laughter. Sarah goes to Malcolm and throws her arms around him, exhilarated.

SARAH
Ian, you're not insane! I'm so glad!

JUTTSON
(out of breath)
Dr. Malcolm--the world--owes you an apology.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE TRAIL - DAY

Suddenly, the Gathereres are taking their expedition a lot more seriously. They march quickly back to base camp, their energy and excitement palpable. NICK strikes a match and raises it to a cigarette with a shaking hand, but SARAH leans in and blows it out.

SARAH
No more smoking. We leave no scent of any kind. No hair tonics, no cologne, seal all our food in plastic bags. We will observe and document, but we will not interact.

MALCOLM
That's a scientific impossibility, you know. Heisenberg uncertainty principle. Whatever you study, you also change.

Nick ejects the used videotape from his camera and pulls out a sharpie, to label it.

NICK
What should I call this? "Jurassic Pork?"

Eddie, next to him, laughs.

SARAH
(still to Malcolm)
And let's forget about the high hide. We can't do this kind of work up in a tower, we need to be out in the field, as close to the animals as possible.

JUTTSON
I'm not surprised stegosaur lived in a family group, but there's never been anything in the fossil record to prove the carnivores did.

SARAH
Why wouldn't they? Look at hyenas, jackals, nearly all species of predator birds--

JUTTSON
That doesn't say a thing about T-rex, they could have been rogues. Robert Burke certainly thinks they were.

SARAH
We've got to see one to find out. Is there any--

MALCOLM
No way.

NICK
Oh, my God.

SARAH
--way we could safely--

NICK
Oh, no!

He takes off, running as fast as he can, down the trail, toward base camp. They look ahead, in the direction Nick is running. A plume of black smoke is rising up over the trees.

EDDIE
Fire!

CUT TO:

EXT. BASE CAMP - DAY

NICK bursts out of the trees and races toward the thick plume of smoke. In the middle of the base camp, someone has neatly built a campfire surrounded by stones. Flames burn in the middle.

Nick races over to it and stomps it out as the OTHERS emerge from the trees behind him.

MALCOLM
A campfire?!

Nick grabs a jug of water, but Sarah steps in.

SARAH
No! Water makes the smoke billow, use dirt!

They start to kick and rake dirt onto the fire with their hands and feet. Eddie and Dr. Juttson jump in and help out.

MALCOLM
Who the hell started a campfire?!

VOICE (o.s.)
It was just to make lunch.

Malcolm turns toward the source of the voice. KELLY stands in the doorway of the trailer, sheepish.

KELLY (cont'd)
I wanted it ready when you got back.

The whole group stares, stunned, none more so than Malcolm himself.

MALCOLM
Oh... man.

CUT TO:

EXT. BASE CAMP - LATER

Later, and base camp is a blur of activity. SARAH, JUTTSON, NICK, and EDDIE are hard at work, burying the remains of the fire, sealing their food in plastic bags, loading camera equipment, packing up specimen containers and other information-gathering equipment.

MALCOLM, meanwhile, is lecturing Kelly.

MALCOLM
You know you were putting yourself in a potentially dangerous situation, but you didn't bother to find out how dangerous before you leapt in. You don't have the faintest idea what's going on on this island!

SARAH
(loading a backpack)
What do you want to do, Ian, lock her up for curiosity? Where do you think she gets it?

JUTTSON
(to Nick)
Do you have chromium tapes? The others fog in high-

NICK
-humidity, I know.
(waving a tape)
Highest lead density on the market.

EDDIE
(to Malcolm)
We've got a lot of heavy marching ahead of us. I'm not carrying anybody.

KELLY
I can keep up.

MALCOLM
You're going home. I'm sending a radio call for the boats. We'll all go down to the lagoon and wait for them.

SARAH
Lighten up, Ian, you sound like a high school vice-principal.

MALCOLM
I'm her father.

KELLY
Sure, now.

Nick leans over and whispers to Eddie, gesturing to Malcolm and Kelly.

NICK
Do you see any family resemblance here?

MALCOLM
You can't stay, Kelly, that's it. It's too dangerous.

SARAH
If it's so dangerous, why'd you bring any of us?

KELLY
You're wrong, Dad. I do know what's going on on this island.

MALCOLM
How could you possibly?

KELLY
Because you said so. Maybe nobody else believed you, but I always did.

He looks at her, touched. Nick mutters to Eddie again.

NICK
The kid scores with cheap sentiment.

SARAH
Ian, if we recall the boat now, we've made two invasive landings in one day. That'll have to go in any paper I write, and it will leave room for people to say our findings were contaminated. You know the academic world as well as I do, once they smell blood in the water, you're dead. Our presence has got to be one hundred percent antiseptic. That means if we bend a blade of grass, we bend it right back the way it-

A low sound has been rising while she speaks, and now it comes BOOMING over the jungle around them, a THUNDEROUS racket that shakes the very ground beneath them. Suddenly, three C-130 military cargo planes THUNDER overhead and ROAR toward the

island interior, flying very low. The planes are enormous, fat-assed creatures, their rear cargo doors hanging open.

AT A RIDGE,

the members of the gatherer expedition hit the dirt and peer over a ledge, watching as the airplanes bank and circle over a specific spot.

Eddie raises a pair of field glasses.

DOWN BELOW,

huge metal equipment containers are shoved out the back of the cargo bays. They SNAP off trees like matchsticks, CRUSH flat anything foolish enough to exist where they want to land.

Now MEN pour out the rear of the planes, their low-altitude parachutes billowing open behind them.

UP ON THE RIDGE,

Nick looks at Sarah.

NICK
You were saying something about antiseptic?

CUT TO:

EXT. HUNTERS' CAMP - DAY

Metal container doors CLANG to the ground, jeep engines ROAR to life in a cloud of thick black diesel smoke, blue laser barriers SIZZLE and BURN through foliage as this group of HUNTERS establishes a perimeter around their new camp.

PETER LUDLOW, dressed in brand new Banana Republic safari wear, steps into the center of the camp and surveys the surroundings. He turns to DR. ROBERT BURKE, a ragged, pony-tailed man in wire-rimmed glasses.

LUDLOW
Welcome to your dream come true, Dr. Burke.

Burke has a detailed set of satellite recon photographs that

he spreads out on the hood of a jeep.

BURKE
I believe the large herbivores forage in open plains, like bison, which would explain the great variety of heat dots we're reading in the flatlands around this waterhole. Right--here.

LUDLOW
Then that's where we're going.

Burke flips open a manifest that he will carry with him at all times. Inside, there are dozens of sketches of various kinds underneath. As each vehicle ROARS out of the equipment container, Burke slips a waterproof eight by ten card with an icon of the various dinosaurs on the island into a slot in the dashboard.

BURKE
(calling them off)
Hadrosaurus! Carinthosaurus! Maiasaurus!

As the procession goes on, Ludlow turns to DIETER STARK, the man we saw welding earlier.

LUDLOW
This is as good a place as any for base camp. First priority is the laser barriers, I want them all up and running in thirty minutes. Half an hour, understand?

Dieter nods and turns to some of the HUNTERS, who number about twenty in all, that are working nearby. But someone steps in front of Dieter, cutting him off. It's ROLAND TEMBO, the hunter from the bar in Mombassa.

ROLAND
Cancel that, Dieter.

LUDLOW
What? Why?

Roland points to a stream running nearby.

ROLAND
Carnivores hunt near stream beds. Do you want to set up base camp or an all-you-can-eat people bar?

LUDLOW
(thinks)
You heard him, Dieter. Find a new spot. And remember, we're after herbivores only--no unnecessary risks.

Dieter SIGHS and goes to work. Roland puts an arm around Ludlow and pulls him aside.

ROLAND
Peter, if you want me to run your little camping trip, there are two conditions. First--I'm in charge, and when I'm not around, Dieter is. Your job is to sign the checks, tell us we're doing a good job, and open your case of scotch when we have a good day. Second condition--my fee. You can keep it. All I want in exchange for my services is the right to hunt one of the tyrannosaurs. A male. Buck only. Why and how are my business. If you don't like either of those conditions, you're on your own. Go ahead and set up your camp right here, or in a swamp, or in the middle of a rex nest, for all I care. But I've been on too many safaris with rich dentists to listen to any more suicidal ideas. Okay?

LUDLOW
(what else can he say?)
Okay.

ROLAND
Good lad.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE

The jungle foliage shivers, quakes, and finally falls as the Hunters' convoy ROARS into the heart of the jungle. DIETER STARK stands in the front of the lead vehicle, the "speedbird," waving the convoy forward, his Driver (CARTER) at the wheel beside him.

LUDLOW is in the back seat of the speedbird next to DR. BURKE. ROLAND and AJAY, his tracker, are in the second jeep. They look up as the brakelights on the speedbird flash and the car stops, forcing the rest of the convoy to halt as well.

In the front, the speedbird flashes its lights at something in front of it. Dieter climbs out, plainly irritated. He walks around the front of the car and sees--

--four PACHYCEPHALOSAURS eating grass in the middle of the jungle trail. They're about five feet tall, thick, heavy-set animals whose distinctive feature is an enormous skull casing, a tall, impressive crown that rises on the tops of their heads. Dieter doesn't seem impressed. He looks back at Ludlow, who look at Dr. Burke.

Burke stands up in his seat, a look of wonder on his face.

BURKE
Pachycephalosaurus!

LUDLOW
Carnivore?

BURKE
(enchanted)
Huh? No! No, herbivore, late Cretaceous. Very unusual plant eater, see that distinctive domed skull? That's nine inches of solid bone.

LUDLOW
(who cares?)
Just get them out of the way, Dieter.

DIETER
COME ON, MOVE IT!!

The pachys look up at him sluggishly, still eating, like cows chewing their cuds. As unimpressive with him as he is with them, they go back to their grass.

DIETER (cont'd)
Oh, for God's--

He slings his rifle off his shoulder and aims it at the closest animal. Behind him, Roland has climbed out of the second jeep.

ROLAND
Dieter. This is a round-up, not a war. Use your powers of persuasion.

Dieter gestures to the speedbird to pull ahead, which it does, slowly, toward the animals. The pachys look up, alert, but do not move. Dieter walks toward them.

DIETER
Come on, come on, don't have all day!

BURKE
(going on to no one in particular)
See, the pachy's neck attaches at the bottom of its skull instead of the back of its head, as with reptiles.

The speedbird draws closer. The first pachy stares at it intently. The lead vehicle gets closer, closer--

--and BANGS into the pachy, knocking it back a few feet, out of the way.

BURKE (cont'd)
So when it lowers its head, its neck lines up directly with its backbone--

BEHIND DIETER,

Ajay is staring at something on the ground at his feet. He takes a few steps further into the foliage, then turns back toward Roland.

AJAY
Roland.

UP AT THE FRONT,

the pachys turn and hop away. Dieter turns and heads back to the speedbird. As he reaches for the door, a VOICE calls "look out!" from behind him. Dieter spins around, just in time to see--

--the first pachy in full charge. It SLAMS headfirst into the speedbird, SMASHING the headlights and denting the grill.

BURKE
(concluding his lecture)
Which is perfect for absorbing impact.

Dieter turns and runs around to the front of the car. The pachy has backed up for another run and is now CHARGING RIGHT AT HIM.

Dieter retreats, quickly, and rips open the passenger door to protect himself.

SLAM! The pachy clobbers the door, sending Dieter flying against the car, knocking the wind out of him.

In the other jeeps, the rest of the HUNTERS stand up or lean out the window for a better look, laughing.

POW!! The pachy head-butts the tire next to Dieter. It bounces off, tumbles to the ground, and rolls to its feet as Dieter gets to his knees and crawls toward the back of the speedbird.

But the pachy is quicker and lunges at Dieter again. He's forced to hit the dirt and crawls quickly underneath the speedbird, just as the animal SLAMS into the rear of the vehicle.

Now the other three animals join the jun. Ludlow and the Driver have to cover their heads as the animals lunge at the car again and again, SMASHING the steel-meshed windows and MANGLING the quarter panels. The rest of the group watches, vastly amused.

A FEW STEPS INTO THE JUNGLE,

Ajay and Roland are staring at something on the ground--an animal footprint, three-toed, enormous.

AJAY
It matches the pictures.

ROLAND
It certainly does.

Roland gets up and goes back to his vehicle, ignoring the pachy demolition derby that continues up at the speedbird. Roland opens a case in the back of the jeep, revealing--

--his gun. It's an antique elephant gun, a double barreled .600 Nitro Express. Nearly a hundred years old, it's still in immaculate condition, its rosewood stock buttery smooth, bisons delicately engraved along its silver breach.

The barrels are twenty-four inches long, topped with an ivory bead foresight at the business end. Roland scoops up the gun, breaks the breach, and pulls two rounds of ammunition from his shirt pocket.

Four inches long and three-quarters of an inch in diameter, these are the largest full metal jacket cartridges ever made. He slips one into each barrel and heads back into the bush.

Roland pauses before he goes, as if noticing the animals trashing the speedbird for the first time.

ROLAND
HEY!

The pachys all freeze, staring at him. Roland waves one hand, HISSES sharply between his teeth--

--and the pachys scatter, back into the jungle. Takes care of that problem. Roland turns and heads back into the jungle, calling out over his shoulder to Ludlow.

ROLAND (cont'd)
Don't worry about us. We'll catch up.

LUDLOW
Where do you think you're going?!

ROLAND
To collect my fee.

And with that he disappears into the foliage.

The Driver of the Speedbird drops it into gear and the battered car GROANS forward. As it moves ahead, it reveals DIETER, lying underneath it, ego bruised worse than body.

IN THE JUNGLE,

Ajay takes a step into the bush, but at a ninety degree angle away from the direction in which the animals tracks lead.

ROLAND
Ajay.

Ajay turns. Roland points in the direction in which the footprints lead.

ROLAND (cont'd)
I'm no tracker, but even I can read this spoor.

AJAY
Do you wish to go where the animal has been, or where the animal is?

Roland smiles. Ajay sets off in his direction and Roland follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. ISLAND RIDGE - DAY

Seen from a ridge above them, the hunters' convoy continues to plow through the jungle. But how the hunters themselves are being tracked, followed by the GATHERERS. They scurry along as fast as they can, trying to keep pace with the moving vehicle below.

EDDIE
Why didn't you tell us about these guys, Ian?!

MALCOLM
Because I didn't know! I don't have the faintest idea what they're doing here.

NICK
(angry)
Ruining everything, that's what they're doing. You could choke on the diesel smoke already!

SARAH
Ian, nothing we observe will be valid if we're trailing along in the wake of an army.

Kelly has a pair of binoculars and is studying the vehicles as they move below.

KELLY
"InGen." What's InGen?

MALCOLM
Where does it say that?

KELLY
On the side of that one truck.

Malcolm takes the binoculars and stares down there himself.

JUTTSON
InGen is a genetics corporation, isn't it?

NICK
(to Malcolm)
Is that who we're really working for?! Gene splicers?!

MALCOLM
No! We're an independently funded expedition.

SARAH
Funded by whom?

MALCOLM
John Hammond.

JUTTSON
But he's the head of InGen!

NICK
You gotta be kidding.
(to Malcolm)
You dragged me out of Greenpeace to be a corporate stooge? You couldn't get anybody else?

KELLY
Yeah, what have you done, Dad?

SARAH
We'd better keep moving, or we'll lose them.

The group moves on ahead, but Malcolm lingers, angry, staring through the binoculars.

MALCOLM
What are you doing to me, John?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CAVES - DAY

AJAY and ROLAND make their way through the foliage and come into a small clearing, where a cluster of caves is carved into the rock. Ajay freezes, gesturing ahead, to the cave on the far left.

Roland pulls up a handful of grass and releases it on the breeze. It floats back between his legs. That's good.

He proceeds toward the cave, carefully, Ajay behind him. They can see nothing beyond the yawning mouth of the cave, only a black interior.

Roland pauses, looking down. On the ground to his right he sees the partially eastern leg of a creature. It's old,

crawling with white maggots and flies.

Roland continues on. Closer to the cave, he now passes the skull of a large animal, some of the flesh and green skin still adhering to the bone. It, too, is covered with flies.

Still he continues on. A short rise leads into the cave, and they edge up it. From inside the cave, they can hear an odd SQUEAKING sound, very high-pitched.

Crawling now, Roland and Ajay scale a four-foot circular rampart of dried mud, and peer into--

--the tyrannosaur nest. It's flattered inside, about ten feet in diameter, completely encircled by earthen walls.

A BABY TYRANNOSAUR, about four and a half feet long, is in the center of the nest. It has a large head, very large eyes, and its body is covered with a fluffy red down, which gives it a scraggly appearance.

It SQUEAKS repeatedly, tearing awkwardly at the remains of a chunk of animal flesh, biting decisively with tiny, sharp teeth.

The cave itself is a foul boneyard. ANIMAL CARCASSES litter the edges, flies BUZZ in the captive air. Roland raises a bandana to his nose to cover the stench. He turns to Ajay and WHISPERS.

ROLAND
It's the rex nest.

Ajay nods. The baby tyrannosaur hears the whisper and looks up, cocking its head in curiosity.

AJAY
Make a blind here? Wait for the buck to return?

ROLAND
(shakes his head no)
If the nest is upwind, so are we. When he comes back, he'll know we're here before we have a chance. The truck--

In the nest below, the baby SQUEAKS angrily at the intruders.

ROLAND (cont'd)
--is to get him to come where we want him.

The baby SQUEAKS again, indignant. Roland turns and looks down at it. Thinking.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIDGE - DUSK

As the sun glows bright orange on the horizon, NICK raises a pair of binoculars to his eyes and peers down at the vista below the ridge.

In the lenses of the binoculars, we can clearly see a mixed herd of midsized herbivores--HARDOSAURS, PACHYCEPHALOSAURS, and CALLIMIMUSES--racing across the plain below.

MALCOLM, also staring through binoculars, lies on the ridge beside him. SARAH is several feet behind them, her back pressed against a tree, unwilling to go to the lip of the ridge.

THROUGH NICK'S BINOCULARS

We see a shaky point of view of the herd running. The binoculars whip to the right--

--revealing a jeep chasing the herd. Not just one jeep, in fact, but a whole FLEET OF HUNTER PURSUIT VEHICLES!

There are two herding jeeps, one motorcycle, as speedier mini-jeep, and, further behind, a container truck and a wrangler's pickup truck.

Although there's a great deal of commotion below, up here it's almost eerily silent.

ON THE RIDGE,

Nick lowers the binoculars, angry. When he raises them again, the sun FLARES off the lens--

EXT. THE PLAIN - DUSK

--and when the brilliant flare clears, we're right down in the middle of the roundup. Engines ROAR, wheels spin and dig in the dirt, men SHOUT and radios SQUAWK as the hunter vehicles pursue the fleeting herd they're flushed.

The HUNTER SHOUT and SHRIEK with glee, incredulous and thrilled by the spectacular animals they're pursuing.

HUNTER
LOOK AT THESE THINGS!

HUNTER 2
THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL, MAN, THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL!!!

One of the pursuit vehicles (a "snagger"), pulls ahead of the others. DIETER STARK stands in the passenger seat, holding a long pole with a noose dangling from the end of it.

He swings the pole out over the side of the jeep and SHOUTS to the driver.

DIETER
FASTER!

The Driver hits the gas and the snagger leaps forward, gaining on the herd. Aware of the danger behind them, the herd veers to the right, toward the cover of thick jungle--

--but the motorcycle ROARS in from the right side, cutting them off, herding them back out into the open.

BACK IN THE CONTAINER TRUCK,

PETER LUDLOW stands in a "conning tower," a command post in the heaviest pursuit vehicle. He BARKS into a walkie-talkie.

LUDLOW
Alive, Dieter, and uninjured!

BACK ON THE SNAGGER,

the Driver can barely keep up with the twists and feints thrown by the herd ahead of him. Dieter CURSES and throws the lasso pole into the back of the jeep. Ludlow's voice

continues over the radio in Dieter's jeep.

LUDLOW (o.s.)
Those are very expensive animals!
Can you hear me?!

DIETER
(to the Driver)
Turn that off!

The Driver SNAPS off the radio as Dieter grabs a long-barreled rifle from the back of the vehicle.

THE MOTORCYCLE

guns it again, forcing the herd back into the middle of the plain. From the trees to the left, two heads on enormous necks rise up in alarm. Two APATOSAURS are startled from the bush and lumber out across the middle of the plain.

The herd doesn't even break stride, but keeps running, scampering after the giants and stampeding right between their massive legs.

One smaller pachycephalosaur bolts loose, but the motorcycle cuts it off and herds it back into the middle, which now takes the motorcycle right through the rising and falling legs of the apotosaurs.

The bike chases the pachy out the other side, and as the apatosaurs disappear into the distance, the cycle isolates the juvenile.

Another truck, a "scissor rig," spots the isolated animal. High in the back of the truck, a HUNTER mans a tranquilizer cannon, drawing a bead on the pachy as the cycle runs it down.

He FIRES and the tranquilizer dart hits the animal in the neck. Its pace slows and another HUNTER from the truck tosses a lasso around its neck.

They crank a winch, reeling in the animal.

As the truck gain on it, two six-foot padded arms with what look like heavy airbags on the insides open up on the front of the truck.

As the animal is pulled in, the scissors close with a hydraulic WHIR, trapping the animal between its airbags.

Now a pick-up rig ROARS up and drops its back gate. The scissor rig rolls forward, depositing the squirming pachy in this dino-contaiment vehicle.

Two HUNTERS throw levers on the side of the scissor bars and the scissor rig backs away, leaving the animal, still pinched between the bars, imprisoned in the back of the pick-up rig.

The Hunters quickly fit new scissor bars onto the scissor rig and it takes off, back into the hunt.

BACK ON THE SNAGGER,

Dieter, rifle in hand, drops down into the passenger seat, whips a harness over himself and CLICKS it into place. He jabs his thumb into a flashing red button in the dashboard.

Immediately, a motor underneath the seat HUMS to life and the seat itself telescopes, extending a good four feet out to

Dieter raises the gun, picks a CARINTHOSAUR, a red-crested herbivore, from the rear of the fleeting herd, and takes aim.

BANG!!

The carinthosaur staggers as a tranquilizer dart sticks in its left hindquarter.

UP ON THE RIDGE,

there is utter quiet. Nick and the others stare wordlessly at the spectacle below.

DOWN ON THE PLAIN,

the snagger SHUDDERS to a halt in the dirt, kicking up a huge cloud of dust and dirt.

The motorcycle spins to a stop beside it, its DRIVER pushing his mask up to reveal his sweat and dirt-streaked face.

The wrangler truck backs up and drops its rear door, which CLANGS heavily to the ground.

FOUR WRANGLERS carrying wire noose poles and chains race down the ramp and out of the truck.

Dieter jumps off the snagger. He puts down his tranquilizer gun, picks up a long steel rod, and walks forward slowly. Ahead of him, the carinthosaur is still on its feet.

The sedated animal staggers, fighting to retain its balance while it is surrounded by the wary Wranglers.

DIETER
Easy--easy--not too close!
Full extension!

The Wranglers adjust their poles, extending them another three feet, which allows them to stay further from the reeling, ten foot tall animal.

DIETER (cont'd)
Now!

Almost as one, the Wranglers flip their noose over the stunned animal's neck. It thrashes, but the Wranglers hold their poles tightly, surrounding and immobilizing it.

UP ON THE RIDGE,

Nick turns away. He can't watch.

DOWN ON THE PLAIN,

a bolero-type device, a rope with a round weight at either end, whips around the carinthosaur's legs. The animal THUDS to the dirt with a SNORT of a defeat.

Ludlow steps up next to Dieter and both of them stare down at the helpless animal. Ludlow's breathing heavily, eyes glowing.

The animal is still thrashing, pumping its legs crazily. Dieter turns a knob on the side of the steel rod he's holding and thrusts it into the defenseless animal's neck.

A blue arc of electricity CRACKS and dances over the carinthosaur's body. The animal convulses in pain, a horrible, high-pitched SQUEALING rips the air.

DR. BURKE, their paleontologist, hurries forward with a syringe.

He draws a certain amount of tranquilizer from a bottle and injects it into the animal's thigh.

CARTER, Dieter's Driver, steps up with a can of spray paint and quickly tags the animal with an ID number in day-glo orange.

Dieter pulls the card with an icon of a carinthosaur from the dashboard of the jeep and marks a black X over the drawing of the animal.

DIETER
Next case.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIDGE - NIGHT

Night has fallen over the island. The hunters have established base camp in an area they have trampled and cleared just below the ridge. Blue laser fences encircle the perimeter. Inside, half a dozen tents are set up around a central campfire.

The vehicles are all parked at one end, away from the tents. At the other end, there is a row of at least a dozen "capture containers," cages that hold the imprisoned dinosaurs they have already rounded up.

SARAH, MALCOLM, and NICK stand at the edge of the ridge above, looking down at the scene. Sarah stands a bit further back from the others, not wanting to get too close to the edge. VOICES waft up to them, raucous, LAUGHING, some even SINGING.

DR. JUTTSON has a pair of night-vision binoculars trained on the cages.

JUTTSON
Carinthosaurus--compsognathus--
triceratops--pachycephalosaurus--
or small scavengers only.

Malcolm, also with binoculars, furrows his brow, seeing something below.

THROUGH MALCOLM'S BINOCULARS,

he sees PETER LUDLOW, standing in the middle of the camp, pointing, giving orders.

ON THE RIDGE,

Malcolm drops the binoculars.

MALCOLM
Ludlow. That's why Hammond was in such a hurry for me to get here. He knew they were coming.

He gives the binoculars to Sarah, who moves forward gingerly.

MALCOLM (cont'd)
You okay?

SARAH
(irritated)
Heights, I can't help it. Put your arm here, will you?

She puts his arm around her waist, to steady her while she is close to the cliff edge.

JUTTSON
What do they want?

MALCOLM
They want their money back. To InGen, this island is nothing more than a bad investment.

JUTTSON
We should get back to base camp. Eddie's waiting for us.

MALCOLM
I can't believe Peter Ludlow's running all this.

SARAH
He isn't. Check out the guy walking past the fire.

She hands the binoculars to Malcolm.

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS,

Malcolm sees ROLAND, who's walking with AJAY, weapons and equipment slung over their shoulders.

SARAH (o.s.)
I've seen him before. In Brazil. He and that guy with him were spearhunting jaguars. Said it was immoral to go after them any other way. He's not just a hunter, he's a philosopher. Kind of guy who beats you up with your own argument.

BACK ON THE RIDGE,

SARAH (cont'd)
He's the one in charge.

MALCOLM
Well, if that's true--the man in charge just left camp.

Nick, who has been quietly fuming next to them, now steps forward.

NICK
Then this is our chance.

MALCOLM
Our chance to do what?

NICK
I don't know these guys, but I know 'em. I've seen 'em on Japanese whalers, French barges trying to dump barrels of nuclear waste in the North Atlantic. They're all the same. They spray us with water cannon when we try to stop 'em, sink our boats, and then call us crazy.

He rummages through his pack, coming up with various tools. A hunting knife. A bolt cutter.

NICK (cont'd)
Nobody has to come with me. I've done this before.

SARAH
Why, Nick. You are a tree-hugger.

He looks at her, hurt.

NICK
There's no reason for name calling.

MALCOLM
Dr. Juttson, please take Kelly back to camp right away. Leave the other car for us and we'll meet you there in an hour or so.

KELLY
What are you guys gonna do?

MALCOLM
(sighs)
Exactly what John Hammond wanted us to do.

CUT TO:

INT. TENT - HUNTER'S CAMP - NIGHT

In the hunters' supply tent, a case of twelve-year-old scotch sits open amid crate after crate of weapons and ammunition. PETER LUDLOW reaches in and pulls a bottle out.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

In the jungle, LUDLOW approaches a small clearing. ROLAND is bent over a small stake in the ground, chaining something to it. As Ludlow approaches and walks around him, he sees what protest. Roland looks up.

ROLAND
Offering a little incentive.

Ludlow laughs and shakes his head. He takes a drink and offers Roland one. Roland accepts. Ludlow notices Roland's

gun leaning against a tree.

LUDLOW
What kind of gun is that?

ROLAND
My father's .600 Nitro Express. Made in 1904. Karimojo Bell gave it to him after he took down his last elephant. 8700 foot pound striking force.

LUDLOW
How close do you have to be?

ROLAND
Forty yards. Less, maybe. I assume it'll take a slug in the brain case to bring him down.

LUDLOW
Why not just use a scope and a poison dart and snipe him from a hill?

Roland just looks at him.

ROLAND
Or a laser beam from a satellite?

Ludlow leans down, close to the baby rex, and examines it while it thrashes on its chain. Its mouth has been bound shut with a leather strap.

LUDLOW
You really think this'll draw the parent?

ROLAND
I once saw a bull elephant die charging a jeep. All the jeep had done was startle the bull's calves. I saw a lioness carry wounded prey four and a half miles, all the way back to its den, just to teach its cubs how to finish off a kill.

LUDLOW
Killing lessons? Heartwarming.

ROLAND
Rex won't be any different. It'll come.

LUDLOW
You're kidding yourself. An adult T-rex cares about one thing-- filling its own belly. It acts the way people wish they could, that's why everyone's fascinated by it. If people had the chance to see one dinosaur and one only, ninety-nine percent would--

He stops, an idea on his face.

LUDLOW (cont'd)
Wait. Why not? Sedatives... growth inhibitors...

ROLAND
What?

LUDLOW
I hadn't planned on bringing carnivores back because of the liability risk, but I only thought of adults, it never occurred to me--
(close to the animal)
You are a billion dollar idea, my little f-

CRACK! The tyrannosaur, even with its jaws clamped shut, lunges at Ludlow's face, head-butting him right across the bridge of the nose. Ludlow staggers back, WAITING in pain, clutching his bleeding face.

Roland laughs. Ludlow, like an enraged child, snatches up Roland's gun and brings the butt down viciously on the rex's leg. The bone breaks with a dry SNAP and the animal HOWLS in pain.

Roland lunges and throws Ludlow to the ground, but the damage is done.

ROLAND
What the hell you do that for?!

As his pain eases, Ludlow feels a bit foolish, but he attempts to cover.

LUDLOW
Had to. To keep him still for the trip.

ROLAND
You've broken its leg!

LUDLOW
We've got to transport it seven thousand miles. Would you prefer it bit off the leg of a crew member?

He gets up, brushes himself off, and heads back to the camp, trying to salvage his dignity. Roland watches him go.

CUT TO:

EXT. EDGE OF HUNTERS' CAMP - NIGHT

At the edge of the hunters' camp, NICK, SARAH, and MALCOLM scramble down a hillside and stop at the edge of the laser barriers. There are three beams, each about two feet apart, the tallest almost six feet off the ground.

Nick reaches the edge and crouches. Sarah, helped by Malcolm, steps up onto his back and jumps over the top, landing with a CRUNCH. Nick is next, given a boost by Malcolm, who is then left alone on the other side.

He backs up a few steps, jogs right at the lasers, then springs off his good leg--

--and does the Fosburry Flop right over the top. He lands with a THUD, to the silent admiration of the other two.

FURTHER IN THE CAMP,

the three of them creep along, hiding behind a stack of fuel barrels. They lean around the edge for a look. They're directly behind the row of vehicle.

They move, into the open, covering the ground between them and the jeeps. Reaching them, Nick hits the dirt and wriggles under the first one. Malcolm and Sarah stand lookout.

UNDER THE JEEP,

Nick pulls the bolt cutter from his back pocket. He squirms along until he finds the jeep's fuel line--

--and he snips it. He ducks out of the way just as the stream of fuel begins to pour into the dirt.

MALCOLM AND SARAH

move slowly down the line, standing watch as Nick crawls out from under the first jeep and proceeds to the second. They hear another SNIP, then keep moving, to cover him as he moves to the third.

From in the distance, Malcolm hears a sound, a faint, high-pitched SCREECHING. He turns and looks to that direction.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - NIGHT

It's the baby T-rex, still SCREENING. Up in a nearby tree, ROLAND and AJAY have spread some broken branches crosswise to form a high hide of their own about ten feet off the ground.

They wait.

Roland raises his binoculars. The light of the camp spills all the way out here, illuminating some of the jungle. He scans it, searching for any sign of movement.

EXT. HUNTERS' CAMP - NIGHT

Back in the camp, Sarah, Malcolm, and Nick have finished with all of the vehicles except the badly battered one, which is parked some distance away, undergoing repairs. The motor pool area is now a soggy lake of spilled gasoline.

The saboteurs walk casually across the camp, unnoticed in the drunken revelry. They pass several tents, the shadows of the partiers visible as they move inside.

They continue across the camp and arrive at the other side--

--to face the caged animals. The carinthosaur that was tranquilized earlier stands there dully, eyes heavy and glassy, still under the effects. They pass a stegosaur, its row of fine bristling.

And finally they reach the largest cage, which houses a triceratops the size of a pickup truck, Nick pulls out his trusty bolt cutters. He looks at them, a glint in his eye.

NICK
Hang on. We may encounter some turbulence.

INT. HUNTERS' CAMP - NIGHT

In one of the hunter tents, PETER LUDLOW leans over the satellite recon pictures of the island, planning the next day's assault with DIETER and DR. BURKE, their paleontologist. There are small wooden dinosaur models scattered around the photos, indicating where certain species can be found.

BURKE
If you're really interested in infants, we'll have better luck at the seaside, because the sands offer a cushioning surface where the egg clutches can--can--

He trails off. A low RUMBLING sound can be heard outside, and the little wooden dinosaurs start shaking on the board.

They look at each other. The RUMBLING gets louder. Outside, someone SHOUTS; on the board, the little dinosaurs start hopping and bouncing from the vibrations, the SHOUTS outside turn to SCREAMS, they turn and look at the back of the tent--

--and the triceratops bursts right through the canvas!

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

HUNTERS go flying as the tent-covered triceratops, its horns tearing through the canvas, RUMBLES across the camp. Men SHOUT in alarm, the triceratops BELLOWS in anger and confusion, chaos reigns.

In the crush of PEOPLE running every which way, MALCOLM and SARAH are swept off in one direction while NICK is buffeted in another. They SHOUT, but cannot be heard over the frey.

The triceratops, blinded by the canvas shroud, stomps right through the fire in the middle of the camp AND THE TENT BURSTS INTO FLAME.

Now really upset, the animal panics and lashes out in all directions, blasting through tents, demolishing and/or setting ablaze anything that gets in its way. Its considerable hindquarters SLAM into a parked jeep, sending it rolling across the camp.

The jeep flattens the largest tent and SLAMS down on its side. Its broken gas line SPRAYS gas over the ground, the gas hits one of the dozens of small blazes the triceratops has left in its wake, and the flame shoots up the ribbon of gas.

The jeep explodes.

OUT IN THE JUNGLE CLEARING,

Roland and Ajay, up in the tree, leap to their feet as a fireball rises up from the camp in the distance.

ROLAND
What in God's--!

BACK IN THE CAMP,

the rest of the newly-freed animals now storm through the camp. The blue laser barriers bounce crazily and go out as the sending units are trampled underfoot by the fleeing animals.

AT THE RIDGE OF CAMP,

Nick takes advantage of the downed lasers to slip part the borders of the camp and disappear into the jungle in one direction, while Malcolm and Sarah vanish in the other.

The burning tent, which was the equipment tent, now detonates in a series of smaller EXPLOSIONS.

Dieter and several others are knocked to the ground by the series of concessive blasts. He drags himself up onto all

fours, charred and bruised. A burning tire rolls slowly past him, spinning to a stop--

--at ROLAND's feet. Dieter looks up at him.

ROLAND
Last time I leave you in charge.

OUT IN THE JUNGLE,

Nick breaks out into the jungle clearing, the same one where Ajay and Roland had their blind. He sees the baby tyrannosaur chained to the stake.

NICK
Sick bastards.

He goes to the animal, which now BLEATS in pain, its broken leg hanging at an odd angle. With one strong tug, Nick pulls the stake out of the ground.

BACK IN THE CAMP,

Roland surveys the destruction. The fire has spread and several tents are now tongues of flame flapping in the air, the animals are gone or going, and their personnel are scattered and terrified. PETER LUDLOW, breathless, face smeared with dirt, and smoke, staggers up to Roland.

LUDLOW
What in Christ's name is going on?!

ROLAND
Isn't it obvious?

He holds up the sniped padlock from one of the animal cages.

NICK (cont'd)
We're not alone on this island.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

MALCOLM and SARAH race back up onto the ridge trail, where the green AAV is parked. NICK bursts around from the other side of the car.

SARAH
Nick, thank God, we didn't know if--

Malcolm opens the rear door.

NICK
Wait, don't---

With a piercing SHRIEK, the BABY TYRANNOSAUR, now in the back of the AAV, flings itself at the open doorway, jaws SNAPPING just short of Malcolm's nose.

MALCOLM
HOLY SHIT!!

He SLAMS the door.

DOWN IN THE HUNTERS' CAMP,

Roland hears the commotion up on the ridge and looks up.

ROLAND
Do we have anyone up there?

BACK UP ON THE RIDGE,

Malcolm is confronting Nick.

MALCOLM
?!

NICK
It has a broken leg!

MALCOLM
So do it a favor and put it out of its misery!

NICK
No! Get in the car before they hear us!

He runs around and leaps in the driver's seat. Sarah slips into the passenger seat, quickly, leaving Malcolm no choice but the rear.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

The AAV SLAPS through the jungle foliage. From inside the car, we can hear the baby tyrannosaur SCREAMING in anger.

INT. AAV - NIGHT

The baby writhes on the base seat next to Malcolm, who has flattened himself against the door, as far away from the animal as possible.

SARAH
Ian, close the window, it's going to wake every predator in the jungle!

Malcolm leans over the enraged animal and cranks up its window. The tyrannosaur SLASHES with one of its powerful hind legs, ripping the flesh of his forearm. He SHOUTS in pain.

Outside, the listening jungle whizzes by.

EXT. HIGH HIDE - NIGHT

Up in the high hide, EDDIE, DR. JUTTSON, and KELLY are standing watch, scanning the jungle for any sign of their returning comrades.

Juttson yanks the night-vision binoculars away from his face as he spots the AAV, pulling up to the base camp a couple hundred yards away.

JUTTSON
There they are!

They all turn and look, but Eddie furrows his brow, watching them pull the wounded animal from the back seat.

EDDIE
What is that they have with them?

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

SARAH and NICK carry the SCREECHING baby tyrannosaur in their arms, headed for the trailer. MALCOLM, holding his bleeding

arm, isn't far behind.

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

SARAH and NICK bring the SCREAMING infant to the metal dining table and hold it down. MALCOLM is right behind them.

MALCOLM
This is exceedingly unwise.

Sarah turns away from a drawer of medical supplies, holding a small syringe. Her shirt is streaked with blood from the baby's injured leg.

SARAH
Too late to worry about that! Hold him together, Nick!

Nick tightens his grip on the animal and Sarah makes an injection into its thigh, over its loudly voiced objections.

MALCOLM
Just do whatever you have to do and get it out of here as quickly as possible.

Sarah picks up a small ultrasound transducer and runs it over the animal's leg. A green and white skeletal image appears on a monitor next to the table.

SARAH
Okay, there's the metatarsals--tibia, fibula--there it is! See it? That's a fracture, just above the epiphysis.

They peer closely at the monitor.

NICK
That little black line?

SARAH
That little black line means death for this infant. The fibula won't heal straight, so the ankle joint can't pivot when he stands on his
(MORE)

SARAH (cont'd)
hind feet. The baby won't be able to run, and probably can't even walk. It'll be crippled, and a predator will pick it off before it gets more than a few weeks old.

MALCOLM
Can you set up?

SARAH
(thinking)
It has to be temporary, something that'll break apart and fall off as the animal grows...

MALCOLM
Think fast, Sarah.

The tyrannosaur, still in pain, SHRIEKS again.

EXT. HIGH HIDE - NIGHT

Through their binoculars, the rest of the group watches the trailer carefully. Even inside, the animal's SCREECHES are clearly audible. Kelly is getting scared.

KELLY
What are they doing? Why don't they hurry?!

EDDIE
Give me the radio.

From the trailer, the baby lets out a long, plaintive SHRIEK--

One by one, Eddie, Kelly, and Juttson turn around and stare into the night jungle.

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

NICK holds the animal while SARAH fits an aluminum foil cuff around its injured leg and paints it with a coating of resin. MALCOLM, at the window, stares out anxiously. The animal thrashes again.

NICK
Give it more morphine!

SARAH
We'll kill it with too much, we'll put it into respiratory arrest! I'm almost done. Damn it, I need another adhesive, something pliable I can--

Her eyes fall on Nick. She holds out her hand, urgently.

SARAH (cont'd)
Spit!

He spits his bubblegum into the palm of her hand. The baby rex CRIES OUT again.

EXT. HIGH HIDE - NIGHT

From the swaying jungle, there is another answering ROAR.

And this one's closer.

In the high hide, the rest of the group stares, trembling. In the distance, a flock of birds SHRIEKS and takes flight as the tops of some trees move, a whole section of forest suddenly coming alive, as if brushed by wind.

But it's not the wind.

They hear noises, THUDS in the jungle. And then another section of forest trembles. Closer. Another flock of birds bursts out of the treetops and swarms past the high hide.

KELLY
What is it?

Dr. Juttson puts an arm around Kelly, instinctively pulling her closer to him. Eddie WHISPERS urgently into the walkie-talkie.

EDDIE
Sarah, come in!

JUTTSON
It's moving. Fast.

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

There is a radio box mounted on the far wall of the trailer. The speaker BUZZES urgently with Eddie's VOICE.

EDDIE (o.s.)
Sarah, Malcolm, can you hear me?!

On the table, Sarah is frantically molding Nick's bubblegum into place on the makeshift splint. But the baby rex, regaining its strength, is thrashing again.

SARAH
Hold it down, Nick!

NICK
I'm trying!

EDDIE (o.s.)
(from the radio)
Is anybody there?!

Malcolm moves to answer the radio, but Sarah SHOUTS to him.

SARAH
Ian, get the bottle of amoxicillin and fill a syringe! Quick injection of antibiotics and I can get it out of here!

Forsaking the radio, Malcolm moves to the medicine drawer and comes up with what she wants. Working fast, he draws twenty cc's of the pink liquid.

EDDIE (o.s.)
(still from the radio, now desperate)
SARAH OR IAN, ANSWER ME!

They ignore him as Sarah grabs the syringe and makes the injection.

EDDIE (o.s.)
WHATEVER YOU BROUGHT INTO THE TRAILER, GET IT OUT NOW!

EXT. HIGH HIDE - NIGHT

Eddie has given up on whispering as he clutches the radio desperately.

EDDIE
WE ESTIMATE TWO LARGE ADULTS HEADED IN YOUR DIRECTION! I REPEAT--

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

Nick, Sarah, and Malcolm spin around at hearing that terrible piece of information.

MALCOLM
Oh, Christ.

He bolts over to the wall speaker and hits the button.

MALCOLM (cont'd)
Let me talk to Kelly, is she--

A deafening ROAR sound from just outside the trailer, followed immediately by a CRASHING sound. They whirl and look to the window, just in time to see--

--the AAV tumbling by, rolling on its side!

There is another ROAR, and the baby, on the table, ROARS in response. Outside the window, the head of a full-grown TYRANNOSAURUS REX lowers and peers inside.

Malcolm, Sarah, and Nick all freeze in absolute terror.

The rex outside GURGLES, making material cooing noises. The baby rex, calm for the first time, GURGLES back.

But across the trailer, in the opposite window, ANOTHER T-REX HEAD SUDDENLY APPEARS.

This one ROARS, deeply, a roar so low and loud it rattles anything in the trailer that isn't tied down.

NICK
What do they want?!

MALCOLM
What do you think they want?!

SARAH
That's impossible, they can't have the sensory equipment to track it all the way here!

MALCOLM
Current evidence seems to be to the contrary, wouldn't you say?! GIVE IT TO THEM!

Nick, hands shaking, grabs the shoulder video camera he used earlier. He whips out the cassette that's in there, hurls it into an open duffel bag with half a dozen others, SLAMS a fresh cassette in, and flicks the "ON" switch.

Sarah and Malcolm, meanwhile, hurry to the other end of the trailer, carrying the baby rex. Outside, the two adult rexes stay with them, walking in the same direction, watching them through the window.

EXT. TRAILER - NIGHT

Seen from outside, the light inside the trailers clearly illuminates Sarah and Malcolm as they carry the bay rex. The adult rexes tower over the trailer, twice as tall and nearly as long. They walk slowly alongside it, hunched over, watching their infant.

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

At the door to the trailer, Sarah un-muzzles the frantic baby.

SARAH
Ready?

Malcolm reaches for the door handle.

NICK
Wait!

He dives down on the floor under them, pointing the video camera up at the door, getting the best shot. Malcolm takes a breath, turns the knob, and throws open the door.

Outside, the enormous rex heads pause for a moment, staring, surprised.

Although terrified, Sarah actually starts to sing.

SARAH
(softly)
Born free, as free as the wind blows.
As free as the grass grows--

MALCOLM
Are you insane?!

SARAH
I swear to God, it works with lions sometimes! There we are--your baby is free--

The baby, excited, wriggles free of them and lands on the ground outside. Not wasting a second, Malcolm SLAMS the door shut.

The three of them freeze, not daring to breath. Outside, they can hear the SNUFFLING and COOING of the animals as they inspect their young--

--and then the soft THUD of their footsteps, growing fainter as they move away.

From the wall, EDDIE'S VOICE comes over the radio, relieved.

EDDIE
They're going back into the jungle.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH HIDE - NIGHT

EDDIE, JUTTSON, and KELLY sag back against the railings of the high hide.

EDDIE
Thank God. Thank God.

MALCOLM'S VOICE comes over the radio.

MALCOLM (o.s.)
Kelly? Are you all right?

She takes the radio, her voice shaky.

KELLY
Uh huh.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

MALCOLM is at the radio.

MALCOLM
Wait there. I'll come up in a minute. Don't move, understand?

KELLY (o.s.)
I understand.

Malcolm slump against the wall of the trailer. SARAH and NICK sit on the floor leaning against the opposite wall, completely drained. Sarah pulls out her pocket recorder and speaks shakily into it.

SARAH
Note to Dr. Juttson--Tyrannosaurus rex does nurture its young.

They laugh weakly.

NICK
There's, uh--there's an unwritten rule when a news crew is in a war zone. You stop the van every two miles and decide whether or not to go on. Whether or not you feel lucky. One "no" from anybody in the group and you turn around right there, no question asked, nobody embarrassed.
(pause)
Well? Do we go on?

Immediately:

SARAH
No.

MALCOLM
No.

NICK
No way.

They all laugh.

MALCOLM
All right. I'm satisfied with the evidence we have right now. I feel vindicated. John Hammond will too.
(to Sarah)
Do you have enough to publish?

SARAH
They will come after me. But I can collect some stool samples, for DNA with that, Nick's tapes, and the rest of you to back me up, it should stand when we get back.

MALCOLM
(getting up)
Then the only thing left to do is make sure we do get back. I'll call the mainland on the satellite phone and have them send the boat right now. This expedition is over.

He goes to the desk and picks up the heavy gray satellite phone that's resting in a battery pack. The front panel lights up, a brilliant green.

But from the wall speaker, the radio CRACKLES and EDDIE'S VOICE breaks through, soft and empty.

EDDIE (o.s.)
Oh, God. I am so sorry.

Malcolm and Sarah look at the speaker box.

MALCOLM
What the hell is he sorry f-

A low RATTLE sneaks into the trailer. Malcolm, Sarah, and Nick takes a step forward from the walls, looking around. The RATTLE gets louder, the trailer shakes and vibrates, everything in it starts to BANG against the walls--

--and something huge SMASHES into the side of the trailer.

They're all thrown against the far wall, there is an earsplitting CRACK of electricity, the entire trailer rocks and sparks a brilliant blue, and then everything goes black.

The satellite phone flies out of Malcolm's hands and SMACKS against the wall. It lands on the floor, its number pad still glowing green.

Nick crawls over and looks out one of the windows. Outside, the flank of one of the tyrannosaurs wipes past the window, revealing the second tyrannosaur, charging straight at the trailer!

NICK
HANG ON TO SOMETHING!

They hurl themselves at the nearest solid object and hang on for dear life. The charging rex SLAM into the side of the trailer, which rocks up on one side, BANGS back down, and is quickly RAMMED again by the furious animal. This time the entire trailer rolls over, completely upside down.

Sarah, Nick, and Malcolm let go of their precarious handholds and drop onto the ceiling. The tables, chairs, lab equipment, everything that's bolted down clings to the floor above them; everything that isn't RAINS DOWN ON THEM.

But the rexes aren't done. The trailer JOLTS INTO MOTION, sliding forwards.

SEEN FROM OUTSIDE,

the upside down trailer, which is the rear of the two trailers, slides along the muddy ground, pushing up earth in front of it.

IN THE TRAILER,

SARAH
They're pushing us!

Malcolm, frantic, crawls up to a window to get a look outside. He looks down and sees a T-rex footprint in the earth outside as they move past it.

He cranks his head to get a look at the direction in which they are being pushed. His eyes widen at something he sees outside the window.

MALCOLM
Oh, God.

SARAH
What?!

MALCOLM
They're pushing us over the cliff.

Sure enough, out the back window, we see a few more feet of muddy earth, and then nothing but inky black. The three of them look at each other for a moment--

--and then crawl like hell toward the other end of the trailer. The opposite end reaches the edge of the cliff and starts up to tip ever-so-slightly downward. They reach the accordion-like connector and Malcolm crawls into it.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD OF THE FRONT TRAILER,

which is right-side-up, Malcolm can see the two rexes hard at it, pushing the front end of the trailer.

IN THE REAR TRAILER,

Nick has a pretty good grip at the top of the trailer, but Sarah can only cling to an air vent in the ceiling as stuff starts to roll and tumble past her, headed downhill.

The angle increases, the trailer dips, and now stuff starts to freefall, right past her, some SMASHING her in the head.

Malcolm, still in the connecting tube, grabs hold. Sarah, starting to be pulled downward, paws at the refrigerator,

getting a g rip on the handle. The door, held by a safety latch, doesn't open.

Below Sarah, debris falls to the rear window of the trailer. Through the CRACKING glass, we can see the surf, CRASHING five hundred feet below.

The refrigerator bolts suddenly CRUNCH free of the wall. The box strains on its power cord.

Still clinging to the handle, Sarah swings wildly as it starts to come loose, swaying above her.

The safety latch on the door gives, it swings open, and a shower of food BANGS off of her as gravity empties the contents.

Sarah loses her grip and plummets through the now-vertical trailer. She SCREAMS, covers her head, and SMASHES into the rear window. The glass spiderwebs, but does not break.

FIVE HUNDRED FEET BELOW,

an enormous wave POUNDS the rocky shore. Above, Sarah is a tiny figure, sprawled out on the glass, held invisibly by the breaking window.

IN THE TRAILER,

Nick SHOUTS to her.

NICK
SARAH! DON'T MOVE!

Sarah, stunned by the fall, blinks a few times, regaining her senses. She looks down, at the crashing surf so far below. For a person with a fear of heights, this is a real drag. As she stares, the rocks seem to move even farther away from her. She blanches; the world spins around her.

SARAH
OH... GOD... please...

Her breath fogs the cracked glass. Slowly, she tries to get up, caaaaaarefully pulling herself up to her hands and knees.

But as she puts pressures on her hands, the glass CRACKS even

more, tiny spiderwebs shooting out around her fingers. The whole glass panel sags, bowing out around the bottom of the trailer.

UP ABOVE HER,

Malcolm looks down and sees the satellite phone precariously balanced on one leg of the kitchen table, its number pad still glowing green. Nick is closest to it.

MALCOLM
Nick! Grab the phone!

SARAH

looks to her right, at a metal grating that runs along the wall of the trailer. She shifts her weight, leaning on one hand to reach for the grating with the other.

NICK

reaches for the satellite phone, its antenna just six inches from his outstretched fingers.

SARAH

leans toward the metal grating, all hairline cracks shoot out around her pivot hand, shaking through the glass. The splintered glass spread like a disease, it reaches the edge of the frame--

--and her hand CRACKS right through the glass. She GASPS and pulls her hand out, but now she knees SMASH through the glass.

NICK

has two fingers on the phone, but suddenly the whole trailer shudders and the heavy phone tips off the table leg and falls.

NICK
SARAH LOOK OUT!

SARAH

lunges for the metal grating and clings to it just as the heavy phone whizzes past her head and SMASHES into the glass,

opening up a huge hole in the center of the back window.

UNDERNEATH THE TRAILER,

glass, food, lab equipment, and the precious satellite phone fall out the broken window and SMASH on the rocks far below.

IN THE CLEANING,

the trailers are split, like an L, the rear trailer hanging straight down, the forward one resting on the edge of the cliff. Satisfied with their work, the T-rexes turn and lumber back into the jungle.

IN THE TRAILER,

Sarah climbs carefully up the metal grating. Above her, Nick lowers himself as far as he can, reaching for her.

ON THE CLIFFSIDE,

we realize the hanging trailer halted its descent because one corner of it is wedged in the branches of a tree that grows out from the muddy cliff.

But now those branches SPLINTER.

IN THE TRAILER,

Malcolm sees the bellows, the connector between the trailers, stretch as the lower trailer JERKS and dips lower.

BELOW HIM,

Sarah mountain-climbs through the trailer's kitchen, inadvertently kicking the faucet on as she struggles for purchase.

OUTSIDE,

the tree branch SNAPS and the trailer jerks, stretching down again. The bellows expands to its full length, stretching like a Slinky.

INSIDE,

Nick knows he has to hurry. He climbs down, bouncing off the

built-in furniture, moving ever closer to Sarah.

But Sarah slips and loses her grip, dropping a few feet. She gabs hold of the sink, the flowing water spraying her face.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

EDDIE CARR is in the driver's seat of the jeep, racing through the jungle as fast as he can.

EDDIE
Hang on--hang on--

The foliage SMACKS the windshield, then clears suddenly, revealing the endangered trailers on the cliffside ahead of him. The jeep bounces through the deep footprints left by the rex and SKIDS to a halt.

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

Sarah loses her grip on the sink and falls, SMASHING into the frame of the half-broken rear window again.

OUTSIDE,

Eddie bolts out of the car and runs to the front trailer. He SHOUTS in through the broken front window.

EDDIE
HEY! HELLO?!

IN THE REAR TRAILER,

The three look up from their precarious positions.

MALCOLM
WE'RE IN HERE! GET SOME ROPE!

OUTSIDE,

Eddie turns and run back to the jeep. He grabs a coil of rope, secures one end around a tree, and hurries back to the trailer.

IN THE REAR TRAILER,

Eddie dashes over the mess in the front trailer and crawls out

into the extended connector. He peers over the edge, down into the second trailer, and tosses the rope.

EDDIE
Catch!

The rope falls through the center of the trailer, its end dangling all the way out the smashed rear window. But the trailer SHUDDERS, starting to move again.

SARAH
We're sliding!

EDDIE
Climbs up if you can!

OUTSIDE,

Eddie runs out of the trailer in time to see the wheels dragging forward through the mud as the weight of the dangling trailer pulls the whole thing toward the edge of the cliff.

He runs for the jeep and grabs hold of the power winch on the front grill.

Behind him, the trailer rolls closer to the edge of the cliff.

Eddie races back to the trailer, pulling out a length of cable behind him. He runs up to the still-moving trailer, dives for its towing hook, the cable goes taut--

--and he falls short. Just by six inches, but he's out of cable.

EDDIE
Damn it!

INSIDE THE TRAILER,

Nick and Sarah are now together, clinging to the rope near the bottom of the trailer as it shifts around them. Malcolm is further up, also clinging to the rope.

OUTSIDE,

dirt and rocks pile up around the wheels and spill over the edge of the cliff.

Eddie, back at the jeep, reels out more winch cable. He turns and races back to the trailer just as gravity starts to LIFT THE FRONT END OFF THE GROUND!

Eddie dives again, and this time the cable hook CLICKS securely into the trailer's towing hook. The trailer lurches toward the edge of the cliff and stops.

But the jeep is jerked forward by the sudden pressure.

IN THE TRAILER,

Malcolm clings to the rope in the middle of the trailer while Nick and Sarah try to struggle up it, but a sudden dig knocks them back, and their hands slide down the line. SCREAMING, they slide through the trailer and their feet SMASH through the remains of the rear window.

Regaining hold of the rope at the very end, the two of them now find themselves hanging out of the rear end of the trailer, dangling over the rocky shore below.

IN THE JEEP,

Eddie hits the gas and the tires slosh in the mud, trying to get a grip. The jeep pulls just enough to lower the front trailer back to earth. But the tires spin, fighting to hold it there.

ON THE CLIFFSIDE

Sarah and Nick dangle, desperate.

IN THE JEEP

Eddie CHUNKS the shifter into four wheel drive and GUNS the engine. As the motor ROARS, the sound is topped by another ROAR, in the distance.

And this one's not a machine. But Eddie doesn't hear it. He GUNS the engine again. There is another ROAR from the jungle.

Eddie hears this one. He darts a look at the side view mirror. In it, he sees one of the TYRANNOSAURS bolt out of the jungle behind him.

He GASPS and looks at the other side view. In it, he sees the OTHER REX racing toward him.

The tyrannosaurs STOMP forward to confront the ROARING jeep. The first rex bends over, CHOMPS down on the rear tire, and lifts the car to its teeth.

But the spinning tire LINGS in the rex's mouth, burning it. Surprised by the fight in this foe, the rex loses its grip and the jeep BANGS back down onto the ground.

Eddie, horrified, dives down under the steering wheel, to get away. The gas pedal pops up--

--which makes the trailer pitch over the side of the cliff.

But the rex STOMPS down on the jeep to prevent its escape. The trailers stop.

Now the rexes lean down, over the jeep, and focus on Eddie, who still covers under the steering wheel. The first rex SNAPS at him, hitting the steering column with it, leaving Eddie fully exposed.

He SCREAMS and the second rex lashes in, seizing him in its teeth and tossing him out of the car.

Eddie pops up into the air between the two rexes, both their heads flash at him at the same time, and in a split-second, he disappears between their teeth.

Now completely ignored, the jeep rolls freely forward and the trailers drop over the edge of the cliff.

INSIDE THE TRAILER,

Nick, Sarah and Malcolm cling to each other and the rope as the trailers fall around them. The windows flash by as the trailers plummet, equipment BANGS and SCRAPES them, but they hold on to the rope, still tied to the tree, for dear life.

ON THE CLIFFSIDE,

the trailers slide the rest of the way, exposing the three, who pop out the space where the front windshield was. Dangling from the rope, they look up and see the jeep, which is now rolling to the edge of the cliff.

It falls, past them, and the whole mess EXPLODES on the rocks below. Finally, it is silent, except for the sound of the surf.

EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT

It's quiet up here too, the rexes nowhere to be seen. At the cliff, a hand appears from over the edge. Then another. SARAH pulls herself up, back onto solid ground, then comes NICK, then both of them reach over and help MALCOLM up over the edge.

They collapse there, in the mud, completely exhausted.

MALCOLM
(softly)
Eddie?

He looks at the other two. They glance around, then drop their heads. Sarah hears a SOUND in the distance.

SARAH
Oh, God. Now what?

From the edge of the jungle, a criss-cross of flashlight beams moves toward them. But rather than the three or four that would signify their own group, there are nearly twenty of them.

The HUNTERS, PETER LUDLOW is in the lead, ROLAND and AJAY with him. DIETER is there too, shepherding KELLY and DR. JUTTSON along in front of him.

Malcolm sees Kelly, they call out to each other, and race together. Malcolm falls to his knees and hugs her as tightly as he possibly can.

MALCOLM
Are you all right?! Anything broken?

KELLY
I'm fine, I'm fine, I was scared, I thought you, are you okay?!

MALCOLM
I'm fine... I'm fine...

Roland looks around, at the mess that was their base camp.

ROLAND
(mostly to himself)
That's what you think.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUINED BASE CAMP - NIGHT

In the ruins of the first team's base camp, the survivors of the night's two separate catastrophes stand face to face, in a heated argument.

MALCOLM sits off to the side, still holding Kelly in his arms, just looking down at the ground and shaking his head. There's something about his posture of defeat that is far more ominous than any of the hot tempers that are flaring. LUDLOW rants to SARAH while DIETER looms menacingly over NICK.

LUDLOW
Trespassing, sabotage--you could go to jail just for being here, did you know that?

SARAH
Don't start a legal argument with me, this island isn't your property, and neither are these animals!

DR. JUTTSON has encountered DR. BURKE.

JUTTSON
What are you doing here, Burke? There's no TV cameras, what's the point?

BURKE
Dr. Juttson, you exist outside the classroom. I am amazed.

Dieter continues to get in Nick's face.

NICK
Are you looking for a problem?

JUTTSON
(an urgent whisper)
Everyone, keep your voices down!

ROLAND
Back off, Dieter.

JUTTSON
Listen to me, by moving the baby rex into our camp, we changed the adults' perceived territory!

LUDLOW
Their what?

SARAH
(she understands)
Oh, God.

JUTTSON
That's why they persisted in destroying the trailers, they now feel they have to defend this entire area! We're not safe here.

LUDLOW
(of Sarah and Nick)
Thanks to you people.

SARAH
Hey, we came here to observe, you came here to strip-mine the place! It's a looter mentality, all you care about is what you can take.

ROLAND
None of that matters. Our communications equipment's been destroyed. If your radio and satellite phone were in those trailers that went off the cliff, and I'm guessing by the look on his face--

He points at Malcolm, who is still off to the side, sitting in stunned silence. Malcolm looks up and nods, slowly. The grimness of their situation sinks in.

ROLAND (cont'd)
We are stuck here, ladies and gentlemen. And we're stuck together.

CUT TO:

EXT. HUNTERS' CAMP - NIGHT

Back in the hunters' now-demolished camp, members of the two groups combine their diminished supplies. They have half a dozen large plastic containers of water, thirty-seven containers of food, ranging from Ziploc bags to aluminum tins, a variety of weapons, most of them borne on the hips or shoulders of the HUNTER team, the charred and scraggly remnants of several pieces of now-useless electrical equipment, a flare gun and several flares, somebody's tattered paperback ("Crime and Punishment"), a box of Hershey bars, and a cartoon of Marlboros.

ROLAND supervises the assembling of the resources, which are displayed in front of him. LUDLOW, NICK, SARAH, JUTTSON, and MALCOLM, who is still holding KELLY close to him, are with him. They hold their discussion in quiet tones.

ROLAND
If we can't stay in the rex's territory, we have to move tonight.

SARAH
Move where? Our boat's not coming for two days, your airlift is waiting for an order you have no way to send--

Ludlow refers to the charred and trampled satellite photographs of the island, which are still mostly legible.

LUDLOW
There's a communication center, here, in the old worker village. Hammond put in some kind of renewable power source replenishing. It may still work. If we could get there, we could send a radio call for the airlift.

NICK
How far is the village?

LUDLOW
I said if we could get there.

NICK
Well, how far is it?

LUDLOW
A day's walk, maybe more. That's not the problem.

ROLAND
What is?

LUDLOW
The velociraptors.

Malcolm looks up sharply.

LUDLOW (cont'd)
Our infrareds show their nesting sites are concentrated in the island interior. That's why we planned on keeping to the outer rim.

Malcolm shepherds Kelly away from the conversation and mutters something to her quietly in the background.

DIETER
What are velociraptors?

JUTTSON
Carnivores. Pack hunters. About six feet long, three or four hundred pounds, and very, very fast.

Dieter brandishes his weapon.

DIETER
I think we can handle ourselves against them.

Malcolm rejoins the conversation, alone. He keeps his voice low.

MALCOLM
No. I'm quite certain you can't.

ROLAND
Look, we have two choices. We can hike back down to the lagoon, where we can sit for two days, in the open, next to a heavily used water source while we're waiting for your boat to arrive, or we can head for the village, where we might find some shelter and we can call for help.

MALCOLM
We'd never make it past the raptors. Trust me, I have some experience in this matter.

Roland looks at him.

ROLAND
That may be. But you weren't with me at the time.

Malcolm just shakes his head, then turns and walks back to Kelly. Roland turns to the others.

ROLAND (cont'd)
Load up. Let's get this moveable feast underway.

CUT TO:

EXT. ISLAND - NIGHT

The SURVIVORS set forth, marching through the jungle in a column. Two HUNTERS strap on small shoulder-mounted servo-flashlights. Wires run from the lights end in sensor pads which they stick to the skin of their necks. Thus attached, when the hunters turn their heads, the servo-lights turn with them, illuminating whatever direction they look in.

MALCOLM screws the barrel into the Lindstradt rifle and slings it over his shoulder as he marches, limping heavily. He looks down at KELLY, who is marching alongside him. His face shows the deepest of regret. He shakes his head, cursing himself.

MALCOLM
Damn it.

He looks away as Kelly looks up at him, questioning. ROLAND falls into step with Malcolm and notices his limp.

ROLAND
You alright?

Malcolm looks at him, then looks away without answering.

ROLAND (cont'd)
Wrong question?

MALCOLM
You ever heard of Gambler's Ruin?

ROLAND
What's that?

MALCOLM
A statistical phenomenon. Says everything in the world goes in streaks. It's real, you see it everywhere--in weather, in river flooding, in baseball, in blackjack, in stock markets. Once things go bad, they tend to stay bad. Bad things cluster. They go to hell together.

ROLAND
Feeling a bit blue, are we?

Malcolm glances at Kelly, who has taken a slightly faster pace and is a few steps ahead of them now.

MALCOLM
Just--flawed. Very deeply flawed.

ROLAND
Why did you come here?

MALCOLM
So that others would know about this place?

ROLAND
Why should they?

MALCOLM
Because it exists.

ROLAND
It'll still exist if they go on not knowing, won't it?

MALCOLM
Yes. And people will live in the absence of truth.

ROLAND
So the truth is more important to you than your life?

MALCOLM
(lowers is voice)
I don't care about my life. But if I'd ever thought for a second that she would be in danger--

Roland follows his gaze forward, to Kelly, who's about ten yards ahead now.

ROLAND
She yours?

AHEAD OF THEM,

Kelly can hear their voices, faint, but clear. They are not as far away as they think they are.

MALCOLM (o.s.)
I'm afraid so. I don't know what the hell I'm doing with kids. I never should have had her.

Kelly's face shows she heard that part.

BEHIND HER,

Malcolm, unaware, continues with Roland.

MALCOLM (cont'd)
Why are you here?

ROLAND
Somewhere on this island, there exists the greatest predator that ever lived. And the second greatest predator must take him down.

MALCOLM
But why?

ROLAND
You remember that guy, about twenty years ago, I forget his name, but he climbed Everest without any oxygen, came down almost dead. And they asked him, "why did you go up there to die?" And he said "I didn't. I went up there to live."

MALCOLM
(nods)
It's called self-testing. But in your case, it sounds more like self-destruction. A uniquely human characteristic. In fact, human beings destroy things so well that I sometimes think that's our function. Maybe every few eons, some animal comes along that kills off the rest of the world, clears the decks, and lets evolution proceed to his next phase. Maybe death and destruction are our job, maybe we're supposed to destroy ourselves and every other living thing that-

Every person on the trail within earshot has stopped and is staring at Malcolm, shaken by his words. Roland grabs Malcolm by the shirt collar and pulls him close, GROWLING in his ear.

ROLAND
Tell you what. You can say whatever you want to, to me, but you will not spew any more nihilist rants at
(MORE)

ROLAND (cont'd)
anyone else in the group. I'm fighting panic, and you push the wrong buttons. Understand?

Malcolm just blinks. This guy's in charge.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - DAWN

As a purple dawn dissolves the night sky, the SURVIVORS stagger on, exhausted. Some are starting to tire, and there are spaces in the column. MALCOLM's limp seems to be getting worse. NICK reaches out, to take Malcolm's pack, but Malcolm swats his hand away.

KELLY, still ahead of him, falls into step with SARAH.

KELLY
I don't think--my dad doesn't think we're going to make it.

Sarah looks at her.

SARAH
Your dad is wrong. About a lot more than he knows.

She puts an arm around her. Kelly looks up at her, grateful. The long march continues.

UP AT THE FRONT,

NICK catches up to ROLAND.

NICK
I think you should call a break.

ROLAND
Another half hour.

NICK
Some of them won't make another half hour. We didn't come this far to start dropping in the middle of the
(MORE)

NICK (cont'd)
jungle. If you don't call it, I will.

Roland looks at him, steely, then SHOUTS to the group.

ROLAND
FIVE MINUTES BREAK!

Immediately, the marchers drop where they stood, absolutely drained.

AT THE REAR OF THE GROUP,

DRS. BURKE and JUTTSON are bickering.

JUTTSON
I can't believe you're still angry about that.

BURKE
You know, it's very easy to criticize the first person who studies something.

JUTTSON
No, it's easy to criticize sloppy research and hasty conclusions.

NEARBY,

MALCOLM checks Nick's bag of videotapes, making sure they're still dry and undamaged. Sarah comes up, watching him.

SARAH
You know, even if we do get those tapes back, people are going to say it's just another hoax. Ian Malcolm's alien autopsy.

MALCOLM
Maybe. Maybe not.

SARAH
Ian, they will misplace our evidence, shoot holes in our testimony, and say
(MORE)

SARAH (cont'd)
some special effects genius created the animals. The only way people will ever believe that dinosaurs exist is if you dump a T-rex in the middle of times Square.

He doesn't look at her. She sits down beside her.

SARAH (cont'd)
There's something more important that you should be thinking about instead.

BEHIND THEM,

Dr. Burke, furious, has stalked away from Juttson and sits down on a rock. H does a double take, noticing something behind the rock. He leans over and picks it up.

It's an oval shape about eight inches long, with a pebbled exterior. A dinosaur egg.

Burke's face lights up, fascinated, and he carefully pieces the egg in a satchel he wears over one shoulder.

AT THE REAR OF THE GROUP,

DIETER STARK pulls a wad of toilet paper from his pack, drops the pack on the ground, and turns to the Hunter nearest him--CARTER, his driver, who has his back turned.

DIETER
Wait here for me, would ya Carter?

He steps off the path, into the jungle. But as we come around the front of Carter, we see he's wearing a Walkman, the headphone BLARING tinnily in his ears.

And he didn't hear a word.

EXT. THICK OF THE JUNGLE - DAY

Only a few feet off the path, it's primary forest, the growth so thick that almost all sunlight is obscured. DIETER claws forward until he finds a suitable spot to relieve himself.

He clears away a bunch of leaves and debris and raises his

hand to his belt buckle. He freezes, hearing something we didn't. He glances around, head darting, alert to any danger.

Nothing there. Just a few distant ANIMAL CALLS--

--and s SCURRYING around to his left.

Dieter snaps his head in that direction. At first, he sees nothing, but as he moves closer, gun extended in front of him, he sees a small dinosaur, a COMPSOGRATHUS, the same chicken-sized animal Cathy saw on the beach so long ago.

DIETER
It's not polite to--

He pulls the steel rod out of a loop in his belt and touches it to the compy's back. The blue bolt of electricity CRACKS and dances over the compy's body and it convulses in pain.

DIETER (cont'd)
--sneak up on people.

The wounded compsognathus scurries back into the jungle, whimpering. Dieter clambers through the foliage ten or twelve paces, pushes aside two large palm fronds, and steps out into--

--more jungle. He stops, puzzled, not sure if he went back or forward.

He looks behind him. He pauses, recalculating the path he took coming into the jungle, MUTTERING to himself, gesturing with his hands, retracing his steps.

He adjusts his angle slightly to the right and heads off in that direction. But after five or six hard-fought steps, he stops again. Still nothing but jungle.

DIETER
HEY! CARTER! YELL OR SOMETHING, I GOT TURNED AROUND IN HERE!

ON THE TRAIL,

Dieter's cries are faint, but audible. The only Marchers hear enough to hear him is CARTER, but the Walkman is blaring in his ears.

DIETER (o.s.)
...Carter... me?...

IN THE JUNGLE,

Dieter hears that SCURRYING sound again, this time from his right. He adjusts his angle again and SCRAPES through the foliage, moving faster and faster.

Panicking, he ties to run, but the roots rise high out of the ground in the jungle, and he trips on one and falls flat on his face.

He looks up. The SCURRYING sound comes again, this time ten times louder than before, like a hundred feet coming at him.

Dieter GASPS as something rushes in at him.

He whirls to his right. Whatever it is rushes in from that side as well. And the left. And behind him. Dieter scrambles up into a sitting position--

--and laughs. He is surrounded by at least forty compys now, the same as the one he wounded.

For a long moment, they just stare at him. Slowly, he brings his gun around, to point it at them.

DIETER
Easy--wait--one more sec-

As one, the compys SHRIEK and hurl themselves forward, covering Dieter's body. Their teeth and claws FLASH as they each try to grab a scrap of his flesh, tearing savagely.

Dieter SCREAMS and flails, waving his arms and legs wildly. Some of the tiny animals lose their grip and sail off, SMASHING into trees or the ground. But dozens of others hang on, and Dieter falls over backwards, now lying on his back on the ground.

Hysterical, he fights like hell to get to his feet, SCREAMING, shaking, swatting the compys loose. He spins, and that tactic seems to work, as the compys themselves begin to panic and drop off of him. But he also loses his grip on his weapon, which goes flying, landing in the thick foliage five or six

feet from him.

Losing the attack, the compys turn and dart away en masse, stopping ten yards away from him.

But they turn and regroup, facing him in a line, hopping up and down, CHIRPING and SHRIEKING.

Dieter bounds into the foliage, looking for his gun. But the compys follow him in and he's forced to flee, abandoning his lost weapon.

Ten feet on, he stops, knowing he's screwed without the gun. He turns to face the pursuing compys.

They stop.

Dieter charges them, SHOUTING, waving his arms.

The compys turn and run. Dieter stops.

The compys stop. They stare back at him. There is a moment of quiet, then they start to hop again, CHIRPING and SQUEALING.

Dieter, tired of this game, turns and runs away.

The compys follow.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

From the front of the convoy, ROLAND SHOUTS out.

ROLAND
Break's over, move on!

The exhausted marchers drag themselves back to their feet and start to march again. At the rear of the group, someone taps Carter, who is still listening to his music. Carter gets up, hoists his backpack, and marches away.

Behind him, Dieter's pack is left, forgotten, on the jungle trail.

EXT. DEEP IN THE JUNGLE - DAY

DIETER stumbles along, exhausted. He reaches the edge of a

stream that runs under the foliage, and his feet slip on the stones. He falls, into the rocky stream.

Behind him, the army of compys pours over the little hill he just crested. They disappear for a moment, down an incline--

--And then swarm over his body. In a frenzy of splashing, Dieter shrugs them off and crawls away, through the stream. He gets to his feet but falls again, this time over a log. A geyser of water splashes up in the air behind the log as Dieter drops out of sight.

The compys leap over the log and disappear from view too, throwing up their own splashes of water. SCREECHING, CHIRPING, and the sound of TEARING flesh mixes with Dieter's SCREAMS.

Now, as more compys leap over the log and splash into the water below, the geysers that shoot up into our field of view are pink.

And then they're a deep, deep red.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

The group has stopped again. Near the rear, SARAH, NICK, MALCOLM, LUDLOW, and ROLAND are in a tense conversation with CARTER.

ROLAND
How long ago was this?

CARTER
Seven, eight minutes.

Roland looks at them, thinking. Finally:

ROLAND
Then he's dead. Nobody tells the little girl. Last thing we need is screaming hysterics.

He turns and heads back to the front of the column.

SARAH
We have to send someone to look for him!

ROLAND
You go if you like, but we're not waiting for you. MOVE IT OUT!!

They look at each other, appalled, but the column starts to move. Numbed, shocked, but left with no choice, they move on, one by one.

CUT TO:

EXT. ISLAND RIDGE - DUSK

The column of MARCHERS has finally reached the island ridge, where they are silhouetted against the setting sun. They're taking a break, sprawled out on rocks or over the ground.

MALCOLM sits next to KELLY, who's sitting on a log.

MALCOLM
You okay?

She doesn't look at him, just gets up and walks away, going to sit over next to SARAH.

Malcolm watches, pained, but Sarah puts an arm around her and makes a "she's okay" gesture to Malcolm.

AT THE RIDGE,

ROLAND steps up to the very edge and peers into the island interior. From his vantage point, he's able to see all the way to the far side of the island, a rim of herd black cliff, miles away. Between here and the cliffs there is nothing but gently undulating jungle.

He refers to one of the satellite recon photos.

ROLAND
Looks like the worker village is down in there, about a mile and a half northeast from the base of these cliffs.

MALCOLM is next to him.

MALCOLM
There must be a game trail, some kind of path that goes down there.

Roland looks around at the exhausted MARCHERS.

ROLAND
They'll have to rest before we look for it. Eat. Sleep. Two hours. Then we hit it.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

The group has made camp in the jungle. The mood is somber, most of the MARCHERS asleep already. Three or four tents have been put up.

IN ONE TENT,

KELLY sits quietly in a corner, her eyes wide, knees hugged up to his chest. SARAH comes in.

SARAH
There you are. Your dad's looking for you.

KELLY
I doubt that.

Sarah takes off her outer shirt and hangs it over a bar to dry the broad red smear across its front.

SARAH
Oh, come on. Go talk to him.

KELLY
Why? He likes to be alone. I can stay with you.

IN THE CAMPSITE,

all is still. The nocturnal jungle HOOTS and BUZZES around the sleeping marchers.

In his tent, ROLAND abruptly sits up. As if he heard something. He looks out the open flap. In the middle of the campsite, he sees AJAY stop in his tracks, head cocked.

Roland gets up and goes outside, joining Ajay in the middle of the camp.

ROLAND
You hear something?

AJAY
No. I feel something.

Roland looks at him. This isn't so good. He looks out at the shifting jungle. He notices a thin plume of smoke rising up over the trees just barely outside the edge of camp.

ROLAND
Oh, no.

IN SARAH'S TENT,

Kelly and Sarah have laid down on top of sleeping bags, trying to get a few minutes' rest. Sarah's shirt hangs over them, swaying in the gentle breeze coming through the open flap.

As the shirt dangles there, swinging softly from side to side, we notice the broad red smear across the front. Oh, that's right--it's blood.

The baby T-rex's blood.

AT THE RIDGE OF CAMP,

the thin plume of smoke leads down to a tiny cooking fire that's been lit by DR. BURKE.

He's set a small frying pan on top of it, and now he CRACKS the dinosaur egg he picked up earlier into the pan.

Roland and Ajay run up behind him.

ROLAND
(hisses)
ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?!

Burke leaps out of the way as Roland kicks dirt on the fire.

BMBB!

Roland, Ajay, and Burke all freeze. What was that?

IN SARAH'S TENT,

Sarah and Kelly sit up. They felt it too.

BMBB!

AT THE COCKING FIRE,

ROLAND
Get my weapon.

Ajay turns and trots away a few steps, then stops cold, staring down at the ground.

BMBB!

A recent rain has all left puddles scattered around the camp, and impact tremors now create ripples in the puddles--concentric circles spreading to the outer edges.

BMBB!

IN SARAH'S TENT,

Sarah and Kelly are frantically sealing up any opened food into Ziploc bags.

BMBB!

Now they leap into Sarah's sleeping bag, to seal themselves, and draw the zipper up, all the way around.

Outside, the silhouette of the rex's head passes by the tent. Sarah works faster, her fingers struggling to close the last few inches, but--

--the rex head pokes through the flap of the tent. It sniffs, SNORTING the air in and out. It looks around the tent.

It sniffs Sarah's hanging shirt, the one that is stained with

the blood of the baby tyrannosaur. The adult tyrannosaur GURGLES again, COOING and cocking its head curiously.

In the sleeping bag, Sarah and Kelly's eyes are barely visible, wide in panic. The rex sniffs and nudges the bag, trying to figure out what this thing is.

It rolls the bag over once, decides it's uninteresting, and then rises, straights up--

--taking the whole tent with it! The stakes pop out of the ground as the tent rises high up into the air and flutters away, leaving the sleeping bag fully exposed on the ground beneath it.

IN THE CAMPSITE,

the SECOND TYRANNOSAUR now steps out of the jungle, joining the first. Panic hits the camp as the sleeping HUNTERS wake up. Many of them start to run.

Roland scrambles toward his tent, where he can see his weapon lying near the open flap. As he draws close, an enormous T-rex foot stomps down on the tent, driving the rifle deep into the mud.

Roland, weaponless, stands frozen, watching as the panicked Hunters flee in all directions.

ROLAND
FOR CHRIST'S SAKE, DON'T RUN!

But they ignore him, sweeping him up in the wave of flushed prey that pours across the campsite. Some toss random and ill-aimed GUNSHOTS back at the rexes.

ACROSS THE CAMPSITE,

NICK bursts out of the crowd, sees Kelly and Sarah struggling to get out of the sleeping bag, and grabs each by an arm. He rips them to their feet and sweeps them off ahead of him, into the jungle.

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CROWD,

MALCOLM, blinking back sleep, stands a good head above the rest of the panicking crowd. Frantically, he scans the group.

MALCOLM
KELLY? KEEEEELLLY?!

But he can't see her.

AT THE EDGE OF CAMP,

the two rexes join forces, herding the fleeing Hunters into a narrow ravine.

UP ON A ROCK RACE,

Roland scrambles up a steep rock face. No way in hell he's going down that ravine. He sees Malcolm, still in the middle of the camp, start to head for the ravine.

ROLAND
MALCOLM! OVER HERE!

Malcolm runs over and hurls himself at the rock face, scrambling to climb up the smooth, steep boulders.

Behind him, one of the rexes spots him and lunges across the camp toward him.

ROLAND (cont'd)
FASTER!!

Malcolm gives it everything he's got, clawing his way up the rock face--

--and rex draws closer and pounces at his legs--

--and Roland reaches down, grabs Malcolm by the hair and pulls him up, out of the rex's grasp.

The rex falls short, but he's close enough that we can hear his teeth SNAP together, closing around nothing but air. It turns, sees easier prey in the fleeing Hunters, and takes off after them.

Malcolm lands on top of the rock ledge with a CRUNCH. Roland unceremoniously dumps a fistful of hair in his lap.

IN THE RAVINE,

Kelly, in the middle of the fleeing crowd with Sarah and Nick, hears her father screaming her name and looks up. Malcolm and Roland are on the rock ridge above them, keeping pace.

MALCOLM
(shouting)
KELLY, UP HERE!

But Kelly continues to flee, as the rexes are in the ravine now, and drawing closer to the group.

Some Hunters try to leap up and scale the rocks, but the ravine is deepening, there's no way out. One rex grabs hold of a Hunter in its teeth and hurls him against the rock face.

The second rex picks up another Hunter and snaps its massive head left and right quickly, to break its victim's neck. The Hunter goes flying forward and crashes into--

--CARTER, Dieter's driver, who stumbles and falls. The rest of the fleeing humans run around or over him, but when the rex lifts its foot, we see Carter is actually stuck to the bottom of it--

--and when the animal takes its next step it CRUSHES him into the earth.

UP ON TH ROCK FACE,

Malcolm is frantic.

MALCOLM
I gotta get down there!

DOWN IN THE RAVINE,

it's obvious no one is going to outrun the rexes, and Nick knows it. He bursts ahead of Sarah and Kelly and spots something off to his left.

It's a waterfall, apparently right in front of a sheer rock face. But there's something about the way the water is falling that tells him something.

NICK
SARAH KELLY COME HERE!

He grabs each of them and hauls them forward, running straight at the waterfall. Apparently, he intends to jump right into the rock, and he's dragging them along with him.

SARAH
WHAT ARE YOU-

NICK
JUMP!

The three of them spring right at the waterfall and disappear THROUGH the water.

DR. BURKE, fleeing along with everyone else, is watching as they vanish.

BEHIND THE WATERFALL,

there is a small recess, which is what Nick had hoped for. It's small, only four or five feet deep, but it's just enough for him, Sarah, and Kelly to cover behind the flowing water. Breathless, terrified, they can hear the mayhem outside.

NICK
Shhhh... shhhh...

With an enormous SPLASH, something bursts through the cascading water and crashes into them.

Dr. Burke.

BURKE
Get out of the way!

He pulls his way up against the far wall, as far away from the water as he can.

FOOOOM! Now another shape bursts through the watery curtain.

A Tyrannosaur head. Burke gave away the hiding spot.

The four SCREAM as the rex's jaws SNAP left and right, searching for them, falling just inches short. They squeeze as far back against the wall as they can get.

The rex can't quite get its head all the way through the opening--

--so it uses its tongue. A long, dark blue shape slithers out of its mouth and touches the humans, trying to wrap around them, to pull them out of the cave.

Burke, blind with panic, forces himself even further into the cave, which pushes Kelly further out.

SARAH
STOP IT YOU'VE PUSHED HER OUT STOP IT!

But Burke doesn't listen, throwing elbows to make room for himself. His movements dislodge a portion of muddy earth, and a flurry of enormous cockroaches, eight or nine inches long each, pour out of the wall and swarm over his face and neck.

Burke SCREAMS and instinctively leaps away, toward the flowing water.

And that's all the leverage the rex needs. It curls its tongue, wrapping Burke up in it and pulling him between its teeth. SCREAMING hideously, he is dragged out, through the waterfall, and disappears.

Sarah, Nick, and Kelly stare in horror as the white screen of water turn pink.

UP ON THE ROCK FACE,

Malcolm and Roland see the rex walk away from the waterfall with Burke, leaving the hiding place unmolested. Malcolm is nearly hysterical.

ROLAND
She's okay! They'll stay in there, she's okay!

IN A JUNGLE CLEARING,

routed Hunters emerge from the gully at the edge of he jungle. Ahead of them, there is a large open plain covered by long "elephant" grass.

AJAY, running along with them, stops abruptly at the edge of the grass, SHOUTING to the others.

AJAY
NO! DON'T GO INTO THE LONG GRASS!

Not in the frenzy, they ignore him. Behind Ajay, the enormous shadows of the two pursuing tyrannosaurs stop as well, holding up at the edge of the jungle.

Ajay, torn between a sense of responsibility and his better judgement, opts for the former and races into the grass after the other Hunters, waving his arms.

UP ABOVE THEM,

Roland and Malcolm come out onto a rocky ledge that has a view of the plain below. Roland can see the Hunters leaving trails as they plow through the grass.

ROLAND
Elephant grass!

ON THE PLAIN,

the groups of Hunters wades into the middle of the long grass. One of them stops and turns, looking back at the jungle trees.

HUNTER
They gave up! They're not chasing us!

There are CHEERS, SIGHS OF relief. In the distance, AJAY'S VOICE can be heard, faintly calling to them to come back. Up on the rock in the distance, they can see Roland, waving his arms madly.

But in the giddiness of their escape, they pay it no mind. They continue plowing into the high grass, anything to get further away from the tyrannosaurs.

ABOUT FIFTY YARDS AWAY,

the tops of three animal heads rise up slowly, backlit by the full moon. In the distance, the heads can see the Hunter party. The heads descend, back into the grass.

BACK WITH THE HUNTERS,

they continue forward, oblivious. Now behind them, four more heads rise up in the grass. As then descend.

On all sides of the Hunters, the grass ripples as animals move forward toward them, undetected, inexorable as torpedoes.

And these torpedoes are on target. One Hunter is suddenly dragged down, yanked silently below the surface of the tall grass.

In his place, a long, lizard-like tail rises up as the animal drops its head to make the kill.

Behind him, two more Hunters are taken down, and two more animal tails rise up in their place. A Hunter ahead hears the RUSTLING and turns. His face turns white as, behind him--

--a VELOCIRAPTOR springs out of the grass.

Velociraptor runs upright on its powerfully muscled hind legs, the second tow of each foot bearing an extra-large curved claw, carried in a retracted position, with which it slashes on attack.

Like now. This raptor SNARLS and SLAMS into the body of the Hunter, taking him down. A feeding frenzy ensues. The Hunters run in all directions, but are pulled down and vanish into the twitching long grass.

Another raptor enters from the right, leaps high into the air, past the full moon, SLAMS into the chest of more human prey, and takes him down, into the grass.

Behind them, Ajay's face falls, defeated. He looks around, realizing he too is now stranded in the middle of the long grass.

Around him, four torpedo trails head straight for him.

Ajay simply closes his eyes.

UP ON THE ROCK,

Roland turns away from the carnage, pained.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUINED CAMPSITE - NIGHT

SARAH, MALCOLM, KELLY, NICK, ROLAND, DR. JUTTSON, and PETER LUDLOW stand in the ruins of their campsite, their ranks decimated, spirits shattered.

Roland is at the hole in the ground where his tent once was. He has pulled his .800 Nitro Express from the mud and more or less cleaned it, now he's checking the loads.

Kelly, nearly catatonic with fear, clings to Sarah, and it doesn't look as if she'll ever let go. Malcolm, who is on his knees picking through the wreckage of a tent, looks over at them, but Sarah waves him off--"she's okay."

Roland appears, standing over the group. He looks at Malcolm, who has found the Lindstradt rifle, intact.

ROLAND
How many rounds did you find for that weapon?

MALCOLM
Four, counting the one in the chamber.

ROLAND
Don't let it out of your hands again.
(to Sara, but looking at Kelly)
Can the kid walk?

SARAH
Ask her.

ROLAND
Can the kid walk?

KELLY
I can. I can walk.

While he addresses the group, Roland straps on one of the servo-lights, the shoulder-mounted flashlights that follow your gaze.

ROLAND
We're going to find a path down into the interior of the island. Load up whatever you think you need, and I mean need. If you can't carry it indefinitely, don't bring it. We'll hit the worker village in a couple hours and be out of here before dawn.

AT THE EDGE OF CAMP,

Roland bends over one of the three-toed footprints left by the rex. Behind him, the rest of the group is packing up, slinging the remnants of their equipment over their shoulders.

Roland bends over and SNIFFS the footprint. It's filled with a liquid of some kind.

He takes his canteen, dumps the remaining water into the ground, and plunges the canteen into the footprint, filling it. Ludlow hovers over his shoulder.

LUDLOW
What is that?

ROLAND
Piss.

Ludlow doesn't ask.

NOW AT THE FIRE,

Roland stares down at the ashes of the cooking fire that led to such disaster. He grabs a handful of the ash and shoves it in his pants pocket.

CUT TO:

EXT. VALLEY OF DEATH - NIGHT

ROLAND and LUDLOW (who, along with Sarah and Malcolm, is also wearing a servo-light now) maneuver down a rugged hillside and come out in a flattened area. Ludlow GASPS, looking ahead in wonderment. MALCOLM breaks through the hillside's foliage a moment later. He too stares in amazement.

SARAH and KELLY come next, then NICK, then JUTTSON. One by

one, they all stop and stare.

SARAH
God help us.

They're standing in a flat, sandy area lined with boulders at the sides. The flat area stretches fifty yards from side to side and as far as they can see ahead. But that's not what amazes them so.

Everywhere, the sand is dotted with dinosaur skeletons. Some are huge, apatosaurs, sixty feet from head to tail tip. Others are smaller, herbivores of many different kinds. The more intact skeletons lie on their sides, their ribcages arcs of pale bone. but just as many have been ripped apart, bits of carcass tossed in every direction.

NICK
I do not feel lucky.

ROLAND
Keep moving.

They march on, tiny figures moving among the mountainous skeletons by the light of the full moon. Roland notices one carcass in particular, a recent kill. It's an enormous HADROSAUR with fresh bites taken out of it.

He bends down, studying the soft earth around it for footprints.

FURTHER ON,

Malcolm looks up, noticing the bony shapes around them, which fall in heavy shadows like cell bars, seem to be changing.

He turns, and his servo-light shines on the bones. But they're not bones any more at all, they're pipes, the animal graveyard now given over to the lifeless skeletons of manmade objects--twisted, rotting machinery.

LUDLOW
We made it!

They hurry over a small rise--

EXT. WORKER VILLAGE - NIGHT

--and find themselves at the edge of what was once Isla Sorna's worker village. The size of a football field, the town is divided by a main street that's dotted on both sides by stores, residences, cafes, a gas station. All the way at the far end is a large, blocky, four-story building.

But the town is a mess. The hurricane that hit here must have been ferocious, for everywhere things are smashed, broken, upended. And the jungle has stepped into the breath, growing up, around, and over everything. Huge root systems snake through the street, making it almost impassable.

MALCOLM
The jungle. It's always ready to return.

Roland catches up and looks at Ludlow.

ROLAND
Where's the power and radio setup?

LUDLOW
Operations building. Far end of the street.

A light rain falls as they start down the street, carefully, silently, Roland and Malcolm with their weapons at the ready.

They pass the skeleton of a fallen water tower. An empty gas station, its vine-snarled pumps now useless. The only sound is the low mechanical HUM of the servo-lights as they follow the group's gazes obediently.

Every few feet, the group encounters strange, grayish lumps that lies in random places in the middle of the street. Malcolm, curious, stops and taps one of them. It's a rock-hard. Nick looks over his shoulder.

NICK
Lava?

MALCOLM
No.

NICK
What are they?

MALCOLM
I don't know.

Finally, they reach the operation building, at the far end of the town.

LUDLOW
The radio rig is inside. It runs directly from the geothermal generator, so power shouldn't be a problem.

ROLAND
Good.

He pulls out his canteen. Ludlow watches as he screws the top off, moves toward the building, and starts splashing the contents on the outside of it.

The rest of the group just stares at him.

MALCOLM
What's he got in there?

LUDLOW
Piss.

SARAH
What?

LUDLOW
Don't ask me. The guy's completely out to lunch.

NICK
What in God's name would he want with-

Roland rejoins them.

ROLAND
Tyrannosaur urine. I don't want anything to do with it, and neither
(MORE)

ROLAND (cont'd)
does any other animal on this island. This building is now demarcated as the rex's territory. As long as you stay in that building, you'll all be safe until the helicopter comes.

He drops his pack, swings his gun off his shoulder, and checks the load. Dr. Juttson looks fearful.

JUTTSON
Where are you going?

ROLAND
After the rex. I saw a fresh kill back in the valley with tyrannosaur tracks all around it. If I'm not back in time, don't wait for me.

SARAH
You've got to be kidding.

ROLAND
Runs against my nature to hole up in a cave and wait.

LUDLOW
Do you think the rex might have the infant with it?

ROLAND
Possible.

Ludlow takes off his hat and turns to Nick.

LUDLOW
You know how to work a radio, don't you?

SARAH
You're going too?

LUDLOW
I lost everything I came after on this trip, but one T-rex in one theme park could single-handedly bail InGen out of Chapter 11.

He takes a slip of paper from the brim of his hat and hands it to Nick.

LUDLOW (cont'd)
This is the broadcast frequency. ID yourself as "Harvest Leader." You know what to tell 'em.

MALCOLM
You gentlemen feel you have to do this now?

ROLAND
Now's the perfect time. The animal just fed, so it won't stalk us for food. Predators don't hurt when they're not hungry.

Ludlow double checks the clip on his semi-automatic rifle--

NICK
No.

--and SMACKS it back into the belly of the gun.

NICK (cont'd)
Only humans do.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

The console of a sophisticated radio set-up glows brightly, all green, red, and yellow. NICK tunes the dial to a specific frequency. The radio WHINES and HISSES tuning in.

NICK
(into microphone)
CQ, CQ. This is InGen Operation Harvest Leader to Harvest Base. Come in, please.

The remaining SURVIVORS, minus Ludlow and Roland, shine their flashlights around the dusty, vine-hung interior of the communications room. On the wall a row of chrome letters says "We Make The Future," but the words are obscured by a tangle

of vines. Mushrooms and fungi sprout from the carpet.

On one wall, there is a mural of what the completed Jurassic Park would have looked like. Big hotels, Ford Explorers with tourists leaning out the windows taking pictures, big crowds at the fences around the animal exhibits. But none of it came true, and now even the mural is runny and dust-covered.

There is a pause, filed only with radio static. Sarah looks at Nick tensely, waiting. Finally, a VOICE comes over the radio, clean as can be.

VOICE (o.s.)
Go ahead, Harvest Leader.

They all breath a sign of relief.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

With Roland and Ludlow gone on the hunt and the rest of the group inside the operations building, main street stands deserted and silent.

Nearly deserted, anyway. Moonlight shadows lengthen at one end of the street--

--and FIVE VELOCIRAPTORS STROLL INTO TOWN.

CUT TO:

EXT. VALLEY OF DEATH - NIGHT

ROLAND AND LUDLOW are back in the valley of death, standing amid the giant skeletons of long-dead animals. Roland bends down, checking the carcass of the freshly-chewed HADROSAUR he saw earlier.

A set of giant three-toed rex tracks leads away from the carcass, down the stream bed. Roland follows them. Ludlow follows Roland.

As they near a bend in the stream, Roland looks down, at the surface of the water. A pattern of ripples moves toward them, washing over their ankles. Roland follows the ripples with his eyes. From up head, around the bend, he can hear the

sound of an animal eating and drinking. A very large animal.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a pinch of the ashes from the cooking fire that he scooped up earlier and releases that on the wind. They float there for a second, suspended, then blow back at him.

LUDLOW
We're downwind. Good.

Roland darts a contemptuous look at him. He puts a finger to his lips, gesturing for silence, then steps up, onto the shore. Ludlow follows.

They creep forward, toward the sounds. They round the bend and Roland hits his belly, edging up over a small rise.

Over the rise, he sees the TYRANNOSAUR, about a hundred yards ahead. It's stooped over the stream bed, drinking. Like a bird, it dips its head in the water and then straightens up, to let the water fall down its throat. A dozen COMPYS are at the water as well, drinking.

Roland gently FLICKS the safety on his gun to "off."

Ludlow edges toward the cover of a low-hanging branch. As he puts his weight on one knee, it presses down hard on the middle of a small stick, which CRACKS in half. Roland turns, eyes blazing.

Out in the open, the tyrannosaur snaps its head sharply as well, staring in the direction of the sound. But since Roland's own head is turned, he doesn't see the dinosaur's reaction. Roland holds a warning finger out to Ludlow.

Roland turns his head back. The tyrannosaur is gone.

FURTHER ON,

the trail of three-toed tyrannosaur footprints stops abruptly. Roland stops too, gesturing for Ludlow to freeze behind him. Roland glances both ways, looking for any sign of the track.

To the right, the ground gives way to hard black volcanic rock. A short distance behind them, the rock is solid, a massive, green, pebbled boulder ten feet high. Roland frowns and WHISPERS in Ludlow's ear again.

ROLAND
We took to the rock.

LUDLOW
Why?

In front of Roland, a palm frond sways gently in the night breeze. Roland's eyes widen. He pulls out another pinch of campfire ash and releases it on the wind.

This time, the ash blows off, straight away from him.

ROLAND
Wind shift.

They freeze, terrified. Behind them, the enormous green pebbled boulder--

--opens an eye.

That's no boulder, that's the MALE TYRANNOSAUR, standing rock-solid still, its natural camouflage blending into the surrounding foliage perfectly. Very slowly and almost silently, the rex brings its head all the way around until it is staring directly down at them from about ten feet away.

Roland and Ludlow stand frozen, their back to the rex, unaware of its presence.

Until it exhales. The soft SNORT of its breath isn't quite audible, but it brushes the hair on the backs of their necks ever so slightly.

Their hearts drop into their stomachs. Ludlow speaks, his voice a queasy HISS.

LUDLOW
It's... behind... us.

ROLAND
(the very softest whisper)
It's just fed. It won't attack unless it's threatened. Don't move.

As the rex silently cocks its head, sizing up the danger from these intruders, it breathes again. A few strands of Ludlow's

hair flap in the exhalation. He closes his eyes, near tears.

He can't take it. His eyes dart, glancing down at the weapon he holds in his hands. Unfortunately, it's extended in front of him, away from the rex.

He risks another HISS.

LUDLOW
If I don't move, I can't shoot it.

ROLAND
Let it go, Peter. The animal won.

Behind them, the rex appears satisfied. It starts to swing its massive head around, back toward the jungle. It lifts one great leg and takes a step into the trees.

Roland signs and closes his eyes, relieved.

But Ludlow seizes the opportunity. He whips his weapon around and drops to one knee.

ROLAND (cont'd)
NO!

The rex is infinitely quicker. Ludlow just has time to squeeze off a short burst of semi-automatic gunfire when the animal whirls, takes one elegant step forward, and POUNCES.

Ludlow's bullets rip harmlessly through the foliage between the rex's legs as its big head snaps forward and comes down, jaws wide. They close around Ludlow's body, lift his straight up into the air, and toss him once, readjusting their grip so it is firmly around his midsection.

The whole combination of movements takes but half a second. By the time Roland turns around, the animal has pivoted and darted back into the jungle, carrying Ludlow, still SCREAMING and writhing in its mouth.

Roland raises his gun, to draw a bead on the animal, but through the shivering trees, he can only see that the tyrannosaur is gone.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

MALCOLM SARAH, NICK, KELLY, and DR. JUTTSON wait nervously in the communications room. An empty can of Dr. Pepper sitting on one of the countertops begins to RATTLE. They look over at it, confused, as the lightweight aluminum can CHATTERS on the formica counter.

Other objects in the lab begin to rattle too. Glass jars CLANK against one another, books start to drop off the shelves, a stool shudders across the floor.

KELLY
What's going on?!

Above them, the rotting wooden roof of the building starts to actually tear away, chunks of moldy timber flying up into the night. They look up, a deafening ROAR fills the room--

--and a helicopter's searchlight floods in!

As the chopper dips lower, looking for a place to land, the violent prop wash rips away huge chunks of the roof over their heads.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Up above the operations building, the helicopter circles. The roof of the building is all arches and rotten timber, impossible to land open.

Below, the PILOTS see the SURVIVORS through the torn roof of the building. They wave frantically, their flashlight beams piercing the night sky.

PILOT
There they are!

The Co-Pilot scans the street below, but it's choked with overturned cars and fallen trees.

CO-PILOT
No LZ in the street, too much debris!

PILOT
Check the other buildings!

The Co-Pilot nods and they peel off, swooping over the rest of the village.

At the far end of the street, the Co-Pilot brings the searchlight to bear on the large, flat roof of a three story building.

The Pilot gives him a thumbs-up.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

MALCOLM, SARAH, KELLY, NICK and finally DR. JUTTSON run out the front of the operations building. At the end of the street, they can see the helicopter as it descends slowly over the building, to land on its roof.

MALCOLM
There it is!

Happily, the group double-times it down the street, headed for the chopper. Again, those strange rock formations are everywhere. Some seem to be on the sides of buildings, as if they once dripped there and then turned to stone.

This time Sarah pauses at one that is dripping over to the side of a car like solidified lava. Her face falls as a thought occurs to her.

SARAH
Ian. It's guano.

MALCOLM
What?

SARAH
These formations. They're dried--

MALCOLM
Birdshit?

A VELOCIRAPTORS jumps onto a fallen tree trunk behind them.

They don't see it.

NICK
Who cares? Let's go!

Unaware of the raptor's presence, they resume their trot toward the helicopter. Behind them, the raptor crouches and SNARLS, but the sound is lost under the WHINE of the helicopter's engines. It springs, covering the distance between them quickly.

The animal SLAMS into JUTTSON, the last person in the group, and takes him down. Juttson is thrown forward, into the others, who fall like dominoes.

Juttson SCREAMS, his voice an unnatural, high-pitched SQUEAL, as the raptor flips him over and lowers its jaws into him.

Sarah looks up, panicked. Her eyes widen at the sight of a SECOND RAPTOR, this one running straight at hr at top speed. She buries her face in the dirt, covering her head with her hands--

--and the raptor's foot SLAMS into the ground between her legs as it bounds over her and dives onto Juttson, joining the first raptor in the kill.

Panicked, the group scatters in all directions. Kelly jumps up and scrambles into the middle of the street, where she hits the dirt and crawls under a fallen shed in the middle of the road.

Malcolm rolls over to the space where Kelly was, but she's gone now. He looks around frantically.

MALCOLM
Kelly?! KELLY?!

Sarah rolls onto her feet and sprints toward the building nearest her.

Behind her, a THIRD RAPTOR gives chase, bounding after her with horrifying speed. Sarah runs flat-out, but her speed is nothing compared to the raptor's, and it gains on her rapidly.

The walls of a structure of some kind close in around Sarah, and as she leaps across a leather seat and SLAMS a door behind her, we realize she's crawled into the back seat of an abandoned car.

But the car door is thin protection against the charging raptor, which SLAMS into the window, head first. The window

spinderwebs, but does not yield. The raptor crumples to the ground.

Sarah looks up, through a three inch hole in the middle of the web. The raptor leaps back to its feet and plunges its nose into the tiny hole, thrashing, widening it.

Sarah SCREAMS and the animal forces its entire head through the hole, SNAPPING its jaws just short of her face.

She hurls herself over the seat and into the front as the animal penetrates even further into the car, but its torso will not fit through the window opening. It pulls away.

In the front seat, Sarah gets some very bad news.

There's no windshield.

The raptor springs up onto the hood, its claws CLATTERING on the sheet metal, and tosses its body through the opening--

--just as Sarah hurls herself out the door. While the raptor struggles to right itself in the front seat, Sarah runs to the nearest building, ducks inside, and SLAMS the heavy wooden door.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

MALCOLM races between the idled gas pumps and into the gas station building, closing the door behind him. A moment later, a raptor bounds after him, SLAMMING into the door.

Meeting resistance, it bounces off, notices the plate glass window next to the door, and pounces at that. The window SHATTERS and the raptor clings to the ledge, staring inside, its tail hanging out.

Just as it gets inside, Malcolm opens the door and comes back out, keeping the place of wall between them. He pulls the Lindstradt rifle off his back and tries to take aim--

--but the raptor whirls and springs, forcing him back inside, through the door again.

Willing to play along, the raptor turns and jumps through the

window again.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Balancing on the window frame, the raptor HISSES and crouches, ready to spring at Malcolm.

Malcolm takes cover behind the door, which is hanging open between them. He raises the rifle.

Th raptor springs into the door, BLASTING it off its hinges, knocking Malcolm right through a window behind him.

But the door SMACKS up against the wall, covering the window, preventing the raptor from following Malcolm out that way.

For the moment.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Malcolm flies through the window and CRUNCHES to the ground. He GROANS in agony and rolls off his bad leg, which is twisted unnaturally beneath him, and claws in the mud for the gun.

ROUGH HANDS reach down, grab him by the shirt, and haul him to his feet. It's NICK. He drags Malcolm away, but in the commotion Nick's duffel slips off his shoulder and lands in the street, spilling some of the precious videotapes.

Malcolm scoops them up.

NICK
Come on!

MALCOLM
Where's Kelly?

NICK
She's with Sarah!

They race off, down the street.

CUT TO:

INT. KILN HOUSE - NIGHT

High above SARAH, we see she is standing alone in a three

story kiln house, a windowless shed used for firing pottery and other construction projects. Catwalks lined with heavy chains hang above her, and onto the floor below, she turns in circles, wondering what to do now.

From outside the kiln house, she hears SCRATCHING, digging sounds. From the other side of the door comes an animal SNORT, and a small puff of dust and dirt billows up through the crack along the ground.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR,

the claws of one of the raptors dig furiously, trying to tunnel underneath.

INSIDE,

Sarah runs to the opposite wall, falls to her knees, and starts digging a tunnel of her own, clawing frantically at the ganging tools always and CLANKS as it tears at the earth below it.

Sarah digs faster. So does the raptor.

With about eight inches of space under the wall, Sarah grabs hold of the bottom of one of the plans and pries it up as hard as she can. It snaps off with a loud CRACK.

At the door, the raptor stops digging. It's silent for a moment.

Sarah has a good foot and a half of space under her wall now. She starts to lower her body into it--

--JUST AS THE RAPTOR'S CLAWS FLASH THROUGH FROM THE OTHER SIDE!

Sarah falls back, SCREAMING, leaps to her feet, and jumps up, grabbing hold of one of the catwalks above. She starts to climb, up, anywhere up, as the RAPTOR now squirms and thrashes its way inside, coming in through her hole.

Sarah climbs, hauling herself up, leaping from one catwalk to another.

The raptor leaps up onto a catwalk as well and follows her.

EXT. KILM HOUSE - NIGHT

A window in the slanted roof of the kiln house EXPLODES in a shower of glass as SARAH kicks through it and climbs outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Nick drags a badly limping MALCOLM down the main street. They can see helicopter at the far end, engine ROARING and searchlight playing over them as they draw closer. They approach a rusted, abandoned pickup in the middle of the street--

--and a RAPTOR leaps on top of it. Its claws CLACK on the roof as it goes into its pre-attack crouch.

They don't stick around to negotiate. Nick hauls Malcolm off into the nearest building.

INT. WORKER HOTEL - NIGHT

NICK and MALCOLM hurry inside and SLAM the door behind them. They're standing in the lobby of a hotel of some kind, probably used for overnight guests and day workers who had to spend the night. The room and staircase wind around a large, open-aired central area four stories tall. They SHOUT at each other, frantic.

MALCOLM
We can't stay in here!

NICK
We're sure as hell not going back out there"

MALCOLM
This is single-wall construction! It's just a shack!

NICK
It'll hold!

MALCOLM
For sixty seconds, maybe! Look at
(MORE)

MALCOLM (cont'd)
this!
(RAPS on the door with his knuckles)
You could-

With a CRASH, the wood SPRINTERS around the lock and the door swings open violently. Malcolm is thrown aside, landing hard on the floor.

A VELOCIRAPTOR stands HISSING in the doorway. Nick throws his weight against the door. SLAMMING it hard against the raptor.

Malcolm rolls over and paws the gun off his back.

SLAM! The raptor charges the door again, this time BLASTING it off its hinges, knocking Nick to the floor beneath it. The raptor turns and SNARLS at Malcolm.

Malcolm swings the gun around--

--the raptor lunges at him--

--Malcolm's finger closes on the trigger--

--and the raptor lands on top of him.

The weight of the animal CRUSHES him into the floor, but the gun barrel now stands between them. The raptor CHOMPS down hard on the barrel, its teeth GRINDING on the metal, and SNAPS its head, to tear it from Malcolm's hands.

Malcolm pulls the trigger.

The raptor's eyes pop wide as the dart SLAMS into the back of its throat. It makes a GURGLING sound, then convulses violently and rolls off of Malcolm, yanking the gun from his hands as it falls and dies.

Nick scrambles out from under the door. Malcolm tries to wrench the gun from the raptor's clenched jaws, but it won't budge.

NICK
(helping him out)
Head for the roof!

MALCOLM
I have to find Kelly!

NICK
I think she's with Sarah!

MALCOLM
DAMN IT, BE SURE!!

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

KELLY remains huddled under the fallen shed, trembling with fear. She holds her breath and freezes, as just outside, only two feet from where she's hiding--

--a RAPTOR'S FEET pick their way past her, down the middle of the street.

Kelly closes her eyes and suppresses a scream.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

NICK and MALCOLM burst onto the roof of the now-burning hotel and SLAM the door behind them. The helicopter is now only three rooftops away. They turn and head for it, Nick in the lead, but there's an eight foot gap between the buildings.

MALCOLM
It's too wide!

Nick looks around, desperate. A fallen power pole leans against the building they're standing on, its lines gone slack.

NICK
Help me push this!

Malcolm understands. He and Nick throw a shoulder into the pole and give it a mighty push, tipping it over in the other direction. One good hard shove and it falls to the far building, THUDDING against it solidly.

Its power lines are not taut, a lifeline from this rooftop to

the next. Nick grabs hold and starts to pull himself across the gap, hand over hand.

Behind them, the door of the building SPLINTERS and CRASHES open as a raptor throws all its weight into it. Malcolm leaps onto the power line without hesitation and starts pulling himself across.

But even with the door wide open, the raptor on the other side hesitates. It SNARLS and backs away, refusing to come out onto the roof.

ON THE OTHER ROOFTOP,

Malcolm lands next to Nick on the second rooftop. They look back at the frightened animal, which takes tow steps out onto the roof, SNARLS, and backs into the doorway again.

NICK
It's afraid to come onto the roof!

Malcolm looks around, at the rooftop. Strange bits of scrap and debris seem to have been arranged there, in an odd, concentric pattern.

MALCOLM
Something's wrong.

NICK
Look! Sarah!

He points to the roof of the kilm house, in the distance. Malcolm turns, and sees SARAH crawling across the tile. His face turns white.

MALCOLM
SHE'S ALONE!!

CUT TO:

EXT. KILM HOUSE ROOF - NIGHT

SARAH has problems. Still on top of the kiln house, she reaches the edge and pushes off the roof, leaping to the roof of the next building.

She lands at the peak of the intersection of the two sides of

sloping roof. As she pulls herself up--

--a RAPTOR appears on the rooftop behind her. In full stride, it leaps, sails over her, and lands on the roof ahead of her.

Sarah swings to her left and starts to crawl down the slope, away from the raptor. Suddenly the roof board under her SPRINTERS and CRACKS under her weight. The whole section pulls up and starts to slide off the roof. Sarah, clinging to it, rides the roof planks down, away from the raptor.

She looks over her shoulder, down--

--and sees ANOTHER RAPTOR, waiting for her on the roof of the building below.

Sarah quickly rolls off the sliding section of roof, which keeps sliding, falling. The raptor below jumps up, just in time to get WHACKED in the head by the falling roof section.

Sarah tries to cling to the Spanish tile roof, fingers and nails slipping on the slick ceramic surface. She slides all the way to the edge, grabs hold of the gutter, and dangles there, suspended above one raptor and trapped below another.

The raptor above works its way down. The one below leaps up, at her dangling legs. She has left them in time with its jumps, to avoid losing her feet. This can't go on for long.

Desperate, she pulls one of the Spanish tiles up from the roof and hurls it at the raptor below. It hits the animal in the head, for all the good that does.

But Sarah keeps on, pulling and throwing more tiles. She edges to the right, toward a fresh supply.

The raptor above edges even closer, claws CLICKING on the slick roof.

Something interesting is happening. As Sarah pulls the loose tiles free, the ones above slide down, to take their place. Sarah sees this and pulls more free, knocking them out of the way as fast as she can.

Suddenly an avalanche of loose tiles breaks loose and the footing underneath the raptor above disintegrates. The

animal's feet flail and grasp, it slides towards the edge amid the tumbling tiles.

Sarah, seeing it coming, swings in close to the building, hugging it as closely as she can. The raptor falls off the roof, right past her--

--and CRUNCHES into the raptor below. Both animals SNARK and attack one another.

Now Sarah, her grip exhausted, falls too, landing right next to the enraged animals. They fight and roll, RIGHT OVER HER. She GROANS and hugs the wood below her, the raptors continue to thrash and bite, they roll back, toward her, she rolls out of their way--

--and plunges through a hole in the roof.

INT. LAB - NIGHT

Sarah falls through the roof of a deserted laboratory and lands in the tray of an old-fashioned hanging fluorescent light fixture.

One end of the fixture's support SNAPS, it drops at a 45 degree angle, Sarah slides out the other end and CRASHES through a window.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Sarah lands in the mud in the street below.

CUT TO:

EXT. BETWEEN TWO BUILDING - NIGHT

With a THUD, MALCOLM lands in the mud between two other building, one of which he has just climbed off of. Panicked, he leaps to his feet and starts to SHOUT.

MALCOLM
Kelly! KELLY!

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

SARAH sprints down the main street as fast as she can, toward the building on which sits the helicopter. Above her, she can see NICK has now reached the helicopter and is waving to her.

Sarah reaches the fallen water tower, which is next to the helicopter building, and starts to climb it.

ELSEWHERE IN THE STREET,

KELLY is still covering underneath the fallen shed. In the distance, she can see the helicopter. But she is trembling with fear, unable to move.

The whole shed suddenly RATTLES as something heavy hits it outside. Kelly's mouth drops open to scream, but her terror is so complex that no sound comes out. She raises her hands in self-defense, whatever's outside ROARS with effort, the entire shed is suddenly RIPPED right up off of her, and she looks up--

--into her father's eyes.

KELLY
Dad!

MALCOLM
Come on!

He grabs her by the hand and they take off down the street.

ON THE ROOFTOP,

Sarah emerges at the top of the water tower structure and leaps onto the roof, into Nick's arms.

NICK
Where's Kelly?

SARAH
Where's Ian?

Eyes wide with panic, they both turn and look down at the street below, where they see KELLY and MALCOLM, racing at top speed down the middle of the street--

--WITH A VELOCIRAPTOR CHASING THEM.

DOWN IN THE STREET,

Malcolm and Kelly have a twenty yard advantage on the animal. They're pretty fast, but it's faster.

Above them, Nick and Sarah are at the edge of the roof, SHOUTING and urging them on. They push it, faster.

They reach the base of the fallen water tower, the jumble of struts and metal poles that Sarah climbed.

MALCOLM
CLIMB!

Kelly leaps ahead of him and grabs hold of one of the poles, pulling herself neatly up to her feet and reaching for the next one.

Malcolm stretches and makes the same effort, but for him it's much harder.

Below them, the raptor springs and SLAMS into the struts, shaking the whole structure. It pulls itself up.

Higher up, Kelly climbs fast, hands gliding over the poles. She breaks out into the open, where a long, narrow pole runs on a slight incline up to the roof. She scampers across it, running the balance beam.

She reaches the other side, on a ledge below the roofline, and looks back. Malcolm is at the other end, hesitating, drained, breathing hard.

KELLY
DAD, COME ON!

Below him, the raptor closes in. Malcolm sets out across the beam, his legs shaking. He places his feet carefully, he doesn't have nearly the balance Kelly did.

The raptor draws closer.

KELLY (cont'd)
FASTER!

Malcolm slips.

One foot twists right off the bar and he spins, arms flailing, trying to regain his tenuous balance.

But he overcompensates and his whole body, wrenches out from under him. He falls, the bar SMACKS him hard in the chest, knocking the wind out of him, and he drops, flipping right off the bar and bouncing painfully through the maze of bars below.

He drops right past the pursuing velociraptor, CRUNCHING to a halt in a nest of bars ten feet off the ground, probably cracking a rib. Kelly SCREAMS from above him.

KELLY (cont'd)
DAD!

She stares down in horror at her father. Wrenched in among the bars, Malcolm is helpless as the animal crouches only six feet above him now, with an open attack route.

The animal SNARKS and goes into its pre-attack crouch.

Up above, Kelly wipes the palms of her hands on her jeans and leaps out into space, grabbing hold of one of the bars.

The raptor springs.

Kelly spins around, over the top of the bar, and, at the very peak of her trajectory, she lets go.

The raptor sails through down from above, feet first, SLAMMING both of them squarely into the raptor's side, sending it hurtling into space.

She lands hard and awkwardly, CLANGING into the spidery scaffolding next to Malcolm as the raptor SMASHES to the ground below. But Kelly manages to hold on.

KELLY
GET UP!

She grabs hold of Malcolm and pulls him to his feet.

ON THE ROOF,

Kelly and Malcolm appear over the roofline. The PILOTS SHOUTS

from inside.

PILOT
LET'S GO LET'S GO LET'S GO!!

Malcolm and Kelly scramble toward the helicopter. But at the opposite side of the roof, a RAPTOR claws its way over the edge as well.

Malcolm sees it and they lunge for the helicopter, but the animal is far faster. It's only ten feet away, then five, they're surely done for this time, when--

--KA-BOOM!

There comes the loudest single gunshot anyone has ever heard, and the raptor flies off its feet and lands ten feet across the roof, dead. They look up, to the source of the gunshot.

It's ROLAND, standing at the edge of the roof, holding his smoking .600 Nitro Express.

But there's no time for celebration, as suddenly the helicopter's left skid CRACKS right through the surface of the roof.

PILOT
HURRY! THE ROOF'S GIVING WAY!

The skid dips even further, ripping right through the thatch-and-wood construction. Kelly, who had one foot in the helicopter, loses her balance--

--as the roof caves in beneath her.

MALCOLM
KELLY!

She falls, SCREAMING, through the hole and down, into the building below.

ONE FLOOR DOWN,

Kelly lands with a CRUNCH on the floor immediately below the roof, about nine feet down. But her landing is cushioned by an inordinate amount of straw and leaves that have been

arranged there. She lifts one hand, and a yellowy, viscous substance drips off of it.

It's yolk. She looks around, noticing half a dozen large, oblong shapes. Eggs.

Above her, Malcolm is scrambling, climbing down to her through the wreckage of the CREAKING, crumbling roof.

MALCOLM
Kelly! I'm coming!

Kelly climbs to her knees, but behind her, a large, dark shape is moving. Rising. Unfolding, in a way.

IT'S A PTERANODON.

Yep, flying dinosaur. The enormous animal raises its head, a brilliant blue crest extending two feet behind its long, saber-like beak. It SQUAWKS at Kelly in fury. She can only stare, spellbound.

Malcolm reaches her and grabs hold as the angry animal unfurls its massive twenty-two foot wingspread.

ON THE ROOF,

the helicopter lurches as it sinks further into the crumbling roof, and now the skids are getting tangled in the debris. Roland races over to the hole, climbs in a few feet, and starts kicking at it, making it larger.

ROLAND
Give me a ladder!

IN THE PTERANODON NEST,

Malcolm tries to haul Kelly back up the way he came, but a SECOND PTERANODON now appears from the depths of the building, SCREECHING in fury at these invaders who have landed in the middle of their clutch of eggs.

An emergency rescue ladder drops through the hole in the roof. Malcolm grabs Kelly with one arm and the ladder with the other and they start to climb out of the nest.

ON THE ROOF,

Malcolm and Kelly climb the ladder and are pulled into the belly of the chopper just as two enormous beaks break through the surface of the roof around them.

The pteranodons are emerging.

MALCOLM
GO GO GO GO GOG GO!

The helicopter lurches up a few feet, but it yanked to an abrupt stop. The engines WHINE, the chopper just hovers there.

PILOT
We're snagged on something!

They look down. BOTH PTERANODONS have come out through the hole in the roof and are clinging to the skids of the helicopter. They flap their gigantic wings in unison, and drag the helicopter off, into the air, away from the nest--

--and let go. Freed, the helicopter gains altitude quickly.

IN THE HELICOPTER,

the PILOTS gape as the pteranodons coast along, right next to the helicopter.

PILOT
Hang on! If I tip it hard, I can cut 'em with the rotors!

SARAH
NO! Don't! They're not attacking!

They look out the windows, where, indeed, the magnificent animals are merely accompanying them, flying escort as the chopper gains altitude.

SARAH (cont'd)
They're protecting their nest. That's all. That's all they're doing.

Kelly, completely drained, sits between Sarah and Malcolm,

each of whom has a protective arm around her. She sags against her father's chest, nothing left.

He holds her tight and WHISPERS in her ear.

MALCOLM
Thank you. Kelly, thank God. Thank God for you...

IN THE NIGHT SKY,

over the island, the helicopter steadily gains altitude. A hundred feet. Three hundred. A thousand.

As the helicopter is clearly leaving the island, the pteranodons now peel off, their job done. One of them banks sharply, right in front of the moon. The moonlight silhouettes it, shining right through its membranous wings, lighting it up like a Halloween skeleton.

Below, the tiny green island melts away into the vastness of the wine-dark sea.

CUT TO:

EXT. TYRANNOSAUR NEST - NIGHT

Elsewhere in the forest, it's not such a happy story. PETER LUDLOW, still alive, drops through the air and CRUNCHES to the muddy ground. Dizzy, bleeding, the breath knocked out of him, he opens his eyes and sees a sloping bank of dried mud.

From behind him, he hears a CHIRPING sound. He turns.

He's in the tyrannosaur nest.

The BABY TYRANNOSAUR faces him, still with a strange aluminum-foil cast on its leg. The baby SQUEAKS with excitement as it toddles toward him.

Ludlow scrambles to his feet, unsure what to do. Both ADULT TYRANNOSAURS stand outside the nest, staring down at him.

The baby runs toward Ludlow, so he turns and runs away.

But in an instant, the male brings its head down, knocking Ludlow to the ground. Then it raises its head again.

Watching. Waiting.

Ludlow gets up again and tries to run, but now the female rex strikes, knocking him over again.

Ludlow tries to crawl away, on all fours. The male bends down and closes its jaws around one of his legs, holding it tightly. Ludlow SCREAMS--

--and the rex bits down decisively. The bone breaks with a dry SNAP. Ludlow HOWLS in pain, unable to move, and the baby toddles forward eagerly. Ludlow can only stare as it leaps up, onto his chest, and opens its jaws wide.

Peter Ludlow SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Snow falls in a gray midwinter sky. In a cemetery, a group of fifty MOURNERS is grouped around a gravesite next to a coffin that is festooned with cascades of flowers. On a table, there is an array of framed photographs--

--of JOHN HAMMOND. A MINISTER reads from the Bible while the Mourners wipe away tears. IAN MALCOLM stands a respectful distance from the group, KELLY right beside him. Malcolm's face is blank, tired, his sunburn out of place with the white winter setting around him.

At gravesite, a Young Woman turns, looking back over her shoulder. About sixteen, she's lovely, with long blonde hair and an honest, open face. She notices Malcolm, recognizes him.

She nudges a Young Man next to her, about thirteen years old. The Young Man turns and breaks into a smile just as welcoming.

As the ceremony breaks up, they walk over to him.

MALCOLM
Hello, Lex. Tim.

LEX stands on her tiptoes and kisses Malcolm on the cheek. TIM extends a hand and Malcolm shakes it.

MALCOLM (cont'd)
This is Kelly. My daughter.

They nod their hellos.

LEX
I'm glad you came, Dr. Malcolm

MALCOLM
I'm sorry about your grandfather.

TIM
Thank you.

LEX
We were going to call you, in a few days. Tim and I have been thinking, and we've decided we want people to know about the island. About what we all saw.

TIM
We think it's something our grandfather would want us to do.

MALCOLM
(pause)
Why?

LEX
Because it's true.

Malcolm looks at her for a long moment.

MALCOLM
I know, Lex. But even if we're the only ones who ever know, it'll still be true. You see, I've decided that if the world found out about what your grandfather created, it wouldn't be around for very long.

LEX
But--it was real. You can't let people go on saying it's not.

MALCOLM
That's the thing about reality.

He looks down at Kelly.

MALCOLM (cont'd)
Even when people stop believing in it, it doesn't go away.

Kelly smiles and takes his hand, her slender fingers interlocking with his.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Back on Isla Sorna, we float over the deserted worker village, moving lightly, as in a dream.

MALCOLM (V.O.)
Do you feel the cold wind blowing on your face? That's real.

We sweep low, landing on the roof the helicopter took off from, the nest below now careful rebuilt with straw and scrap, a dozen unblemished eggs in the middle of it.

MALCOLM (V.O.)
Do you see the four of us, standing here together, alive? That's real.

A PTERANODON land gently on the nest. Ever so carefully, it positions itself over the eggs, lowers itself to roosting position, and folds its giant wings around its body.

MALCOLM (V.O.)
And maybe that's still that matters.

The animal raises its head, opens its beak, and SQUAWKS approvingly up at the heavens.

FADE OUT